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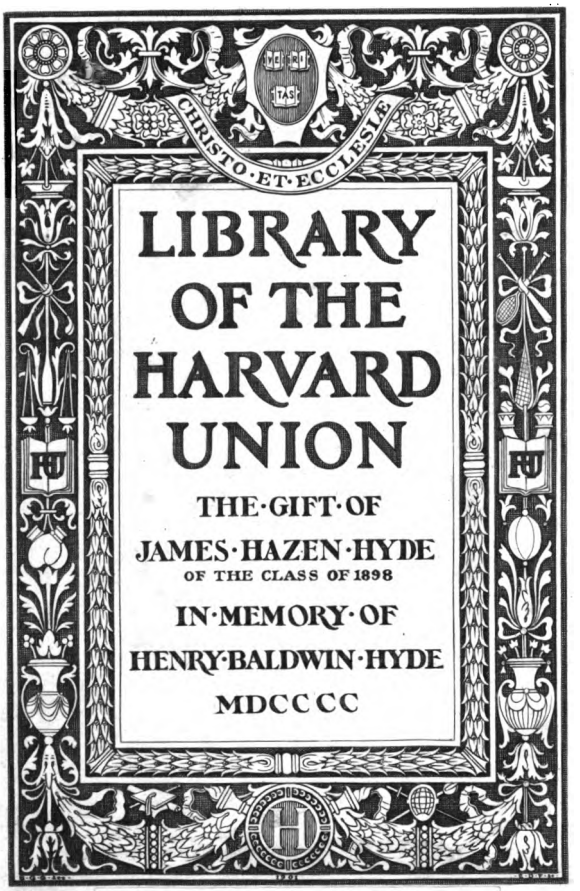

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Under the Berkeley Oaks

Stories by Students of the
University of California

Selected and Published by the [illegible]
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Magazine

:39'15

A. M. Robertson
San Francisco
1914

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Under the Berkeley Oaks

Stories by Students of the University of California

Selected and Edited by the Editorial Staff of the University of California Magazine

3975

A. M. Robertson
San Francisco
1901

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TO BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, PRESIDENT
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
AND AMEY WEBB WHEELER, HIS WIFE,
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

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I.

Ye Northern Lights that dance and glow
Athwart the Northern sky,
Your brilliant hues intenser grow
Then flicker, pale, and die.

II.

And, evanescent though ye be,
Your dazzling God-lit fire
Enkindles both in you and me
A spark that doth inspire.

III.

And so each little tale found here,
Like to the Northern Light,
Is but the flash of an idea
That springs out from the night.

IV.

It claims no depth, its end the art
To give a moment's pleasure,
And then, like Northern Lights, depart
In one soft flush forever.

Agnes Frisius.

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Preface

The principal reason that these stories have been gathered together and given to the public, is to start the fund wherewith to erect a fountain on the Campus of the University of California to be in harmony with the great Hearst architectural plan. This fountain is to be dedicated by a grateful student body and alumni to Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, in token of their high esteem for her and in recognition of all that her benevolence and personal interest has done for them.

Aside from this primary motive, we have been actuated by a desire to show what students have done and are doing along literary lines, independent of their collegiate course. Since this is the first

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volume of stories ever published in the University, we have had a wide field from which to select. We have searched the files of college publications and other journals and have selected these stories from among the many at our disposal which, while they in no way may be deemed masterpieces, have at least some one excellence to commend each of them. To please as many readers as possible, they are chosen with very catholic taste, some for felicity in local color, some for their ingenious plot, and some for subtle character analysis. We have not chosen stories dealing exclusively with college life, as in so doing we found we must lower the standard of the book as a whole, but the staff has selected stories which were written while their authors were college students, with reference solely to their literary merit.

THE EDITORS.

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Travis Hallett's Half-back

By Frank Norris

"WHOSE ball?" shouted a man at Miss Travis Hallett's elbow, to any one that would listen to him.

Travis did not know this man, and this man did not know her. They did not look at each other at all. They both kept their attention fixed with very painful intensity on the field.

"Whose ball?" cried the man again, bitterly,—"the other side's?"

"No," shouted Travis, so as to be heard above the noise; "no,—our ball, I think; that was the fourth down." Then rapidly, "Yes, yes, there goes their full-back down the field. *Our* ball! *Our ball!* Rah, rah,—"

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But the man was not listening to her any more. He had put his hat upon the end of his stick, and had climbed up in his seat, and was trying to make a noise that he could himself hear. For all the sounds that he or Travis could utter were drowned in a roar from the bleachers that split the drizzling atmosphere and set the canvas awnings vibrating, so that they shook down the rain-drippings upon the crowd beneath. No one thought of sitting down. Every one stood up all the time, and not only stood, but stood on the seats of the bleachers; and when a gain was made jumped up and down, and yelled, and threw things into the air.

Back of the fence, along the side-lines, the crowd was banked half-a-dozen deep; and from time to time the referees and others that were upon the field would impatiently gesture towards that quarter, crying out that the noise of the shouting prevented the teams from

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hearing the signals. Then, if one were sufficiently near, he could hear in the moment's succeeding quiet the grind of the canvas jackets upon each other, as the lines bent shoulder to shoulder, or could catch the indifferent voice of the referee droning out "Second down —three yards to gain!" or again could hear the sharp, quick tones of the quarter-backs calling the signals; the sound of heavy bodies striking together; the quick, labored breathing; the occasional brief, hoarse shouts, muffled by the nose-guards; and then the dull and jarring crash, as the whirling wedge smashed its way through the line.

The twenty-two men of the opposing elevens were fouled and reeking with soil and sweat, their long hair was flung back and forth over their eyes and foreheads as they swayed and struggled.

By simple or whirling wedges, by end-runs behind interference, or by downright dogged smashing through

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the center, with eyes and teeth closed, Travis's side was carrying the ball down the field. And now they were on the twenty-five-yard line, and now on the twenty, and now their left half-back had advanced the ball six yards around the end, and now the whirling wedge had crushed through for five yards more, and the goal was only a few steps away.

The crowd behind the side-lines was beyond all control now; they swayed back and forth with every fluctuation of the ball, tense and white with that excitement that hurts and sickens. Over the barrier of the fence they leaned, with outstretched arms and clenched fists, screaming and cursing as though in the battle themselves, exhorting, imploring, or applauding, by turns. Back of them on the bleachers the air was alive with the winning colors, the shouting was incessant now, and the roar of the college yell was coming up through

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the chaos of sounds like the rhythmic pulse of a great surge.

A man standing near the five-yard line heard the captain of the losing team cry out, "They're coming again, boys! You *must* stop them! For God's sake brace up! It's the last ditch now!"

A few yards more and the goal was theirs. But suddenly the whirling wedge seemed to have struck a solid wall, and was thrown back upon itself, spent and broken. The other side had rallied.

"First down,— no gain!" droned the referee.

Again it massed against the opposing team, moved forward, struck the line, and came to a dead lock; the teams became wedged in a solid mass that for a moment paused, wavered, and then came toppling backward to the earth.

"No gain!"

A few seconds more and the other side had the ball on downs, and from

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far away at the other end of the field, where were the bleachers of the rival college, sprang up a great bellow of exultation, as the ball shot high into the air from out the brown of the battle, and went careering down the field for fifty yards.

The opposing full-back caught it near the middle of the field, but was flung before he could gain.

"Our ball again, anyhow!" screamed Travis, shaking her colors.

The ball was now in the middle of the field, close under where Travis and her party were sitting. Suddenly, as the scrimmage broke up and fell apart, she saw it passed out and one of the men behind her team running with it. This only she saw; she did not see the cunning manner in which a way was opened for him. She did not see the quick, clever building up of the interference that closed around and ran with him, and that threw off the tackles of the

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other side as they came plunging through the line. She did not see how carefully he kept with them, adjusting his pace with theirs, and with his hand upon the nearest shoulder, twisting and turning so as to keep one man at least between him and the enemy's tackles. She only saw that a runner of her side had the ball and was gaining ground. By the time he had gotten clear of the end all but one of his interferers had left him,—either downed or broken up. For a moment he was lost sight of beneath half a dozen of the opposing side, who flung themselves headlong upon him, but the next instant he reappeared upon the other side of the group, tearing his way free of them, the ball still tightly gripped under his arm. The one remaining tackle he met with a straight arm guard that sent him reeling backwards, and then with a splendid burst of speed, headed down the field.

The cheers and the yelling were deaf-

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ening; old men were standing up, waving their hats and screaming like schoolboys. The bleachers were frantic, and roaring from end to end; every one was on his feet, and the thunder of the shouting was as the thunder of artillery. Those of the rival college were tensely silent, holding their breath, and digging their nails into their palms.

It might have been a touch-down from the middle of the field had not the runner slipped in trying to dodge the full-back. But he staggered an instant upon a strip of slippery turf, and before he could recover himself, the full-back flung himself at him, caught him around the thighs between waist and knee, and threw him backwards to the ground.

"Forty yards, anyhow!" shouted Travis.

At the same time, while the teams were streaming up for the next scrimmage, a young man with a policeman's

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rattle jumped upon the railing of the bleachers, and raising a very hoarse voice to the limit of its pitch, inquired if there was anything in particular the matter with Adler. As one man the bleachers thundered back, "He's all right, you bet, every time!"

He of the rattle seemed to fail to understand, for he asked again, Who was all right?—and as the shout lifted itself again, Travis joined her treble to the huge gamut of sounds and cried back, "Adler!"

"Who?" asked the policeman's rattle again.

"Adler," shouted Travis and the rest.

And this was the way they were first introduced.

Travis saw him again after the game was over, as their carriage passed close to the coach that held the team. He was just from the field. His nose-guard was flung back over his head like the raised vizor of a helmet, and his long

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straight hair hung far over his eyes. He had not yet recovered his wind, and was panting just as you have seen a locomotive pant at the terminus of its run. He was yet chewing his gum, and was alternately shouting for a lime or a cigarette.

She remembered now having seen him before at the practice game early in the season. At that time he had been under the whip and spur of the coach. She remembered this coach as a big man in a blue cloth cap, who continually wore an expression of hopeless disgust upon his face, who never seemed pleased at anything the team could do, and who went about the gridiron shouting, "Play it up sharp, now!" from principle. It seemed very strange now to see him delightedly slapping Adler on the back, and almost leaping in the air for joy. So she began to feel an admiration for this great Adler, and commenced to experience a share of

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that hero-worship which was paid by the men of his own college.

As they were all talking of the game all the way home, Travis's brother remarked to her escort, "Did you catch on to that trick of Adler's, of grabbing the runner around the waist and pulling him through the line with him?"

The escort, who was opposed to football, made a vague sound of assent.

"I noticed it!" exclaimed Travis.

"He 's just got on to that this season," said the brother. "Jove! but that was a fine run of his," he continued. "Why, those tackles could not hold at all; they were just fruit for him."

"I will never go to see another game of football again," said Mrs. Hallett, "and I don't think your father ought to allow you to go, Travis. I don't see where it is any better than a prize-fight, and so brutal, too. Time and again I saw eight or ten men pile right

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up on top of the one with the ball. It was just a mercy that his life was not crushed out of him. It is shameful. Some one ought to do something."

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Hallett," said the escort; "and besides, the effects upon these young men are very bad, too; they think that that is all college is for. It takes their mind from their regular work, and teaches them coarse and brutal habits."

"And then," went on Mrs. Hallett, "what *is* the use of it all? What benefit do they derive from it? Can it ever be of any use to them afterwards? To me, it seems very silly to see twenty-two young men in the field, and twenty-two thousand around it, get so worked up over such a triviality."

"That is so," said the escort. "If it was baseball, now, where one can see some display of science and skill, I could see the attraction; but this is a mere pushing and slugging contest."

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"What fruit!" said Travis's brother, under his breath.

A week later Travis met Adler at a tennis tournament where he was the winner. She could hardly recognize the graceful young man in the white flannels and dainty-colored sash, as the dirty, gasping, canvas-clad savage of the game. There was a picturesqueness about both costumes, but it was hard to reconcile them as being the outward adornments of the same person. Later on, however, she had occasion to admire him in a full-dress suit, for he fell in love with her at once, and began to call with unvarying regularity.

Adler took Travis to the theater about a month later, after he had gone out of training and was permitted to be up after ten o'clock. It was the first time he had been out with her in the evening without a chaperone. They had never been very much alone together, and so on this occasion felt very

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mildly and vaguely adventurous. Adler thought he had never seen Travis in better spirits.

It was a good company and a good play, but in the scene of the fourth act one of the actors was atrociously and unpardonably weak, and the audience began to laugh.

"It 's too bad!" said Travis. "Why do they laugh? It spoils the play for themselves. When I go to a play I go to be amused, and not to criticise. I can get just as much fun out of a Wild West melodrama or a real-fire-engine-and-live-horses play as the very worst gallery god. Don't you know, you don't get your money's worth if you don't. It is just a matter of cheating yourself."

Adler was not listening to her at all. His eyes were fixed just above the heavy stucco moldings at the angle of one of the topmost boxes, which was vacant, and he was in a fair way to make

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his teeth meet through his nether lip in his effort to keep from crying out, and was holding himself to his seat with both hands to avoid springing to his feet. At the point in the plaster ornamentation where he was looking there was a deep joint, or fissure, where two parts of the molding had not been properly joined, and had by the settling of the building widened to form a long deep crack that reached back to the lathing and woodwork behind. Down this crack Adler saw a dull and vibrating glow of red, and out of it was curling a very faint blue haze.

Mechanically he reached underneath his seat for his hat. Then he said very quietly to Travis, "Come, let's get out of this."

She turned to him surprised.

"I'll tell you why," he said, "when we get outside; only come now, and quick,—quietly," he added as she hurriedly reached for her cape.

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With one hand under her arm and half-risen from his seat, he was listening very intently for the sound of one certain word which might at any moment now be shouted through the house. He was still listening for it as he passed out into the aisle with her, and took her arm in a larger and surer grip, and braced himself for a sudden start at an instant's warning.

"Are you sick?" whispered Travis, as they moved towards the door.

Adler did not hear her, because he was measuring the distance that yet lay between him and the dull green valves marked "Exit."

One-third of the way up the aisle he heard something drop with a crash, and knew without turning his head that it was the plaster cornice falling in. Then he heard what he had been listening for, and a man sitting near the boxes in the gallery jumped back over his seat and shouted "Fire!" Adler was ready, and

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started forward at the sound as a sprinter starts from the pistol. He was nearly half-way up the aisle with her before it became blocked, and his headway checked. In the midst of the rising tumult in the house behind him he heard a little strident bell whirring, and the asbestos curtain dropped with a long whish and a bang, the iron curtain rattling down behind it. Then a fire detail with a pick-hatchet in his hand swung himself from the prompt-side of the flies over into the highest gallery, and began hastily loosening a fire-plug.

Since the first warning shout there nad been no outcry, and as yet the only sounds were the whirring of the fire-drill signal, a furious chopping and pounding somewhere over the stage, and the ominous shuffle and grind of the thousands of feet. Now Adler saw the helmet and blue shoulders of a lieutenant of police above the heads of the

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crowd against the wall of the auditorium, and heard him shouting: "There is no danger. For God's sake, gentlemen, don't crowd, and we'll all get safely out!"

Adler could hear him repeating this long after he was unable to see him.

Several others in the crowd took up his cry, and soon many were crying out, "Don't crowd! don't crowd!"

So far the audience on the whole had behaved very well, and as yet there was no panic.

"It's all right, little girl," he said to Travis. "Don't you be afraid; we'll get out of this all right."

"O, I'm all right," she answered bravely.

They were moving forward slowly, and were even near enough to the door to hear the clang of the engines arriving in the street outside. A broad feather of water spurted out across the auditorium from the section of hose that

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the detail had screwed to the fire-plug, and the fire-drill bell still whirred steadily on.

"Don't crowd, gentlemen!" cried the officer. "Don't crowd. There is plenty of time. We're all going to get safely out!"

As he was speaking the last words a whole section of plaster on the wall back of the top gallery leaned outward and fell with a great noise, and a huge cloud of dense black smoke, shot through with flickering tongues of fire and hundreds of winking sparks, came billowing out into the body of the house.

"No danger, gentlemen!" shouted the police lieutenant. "For God's sake, don't crowd!"

He might as well have spoken to stampeded cattle.

Adler and Travis were now in the middle of a solid jam, mad with terror and excitement, and men and women were

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fighting with each other with their teeth and their nails for the life they loved. People jumped over one another's shoulders, and were borne along by the crowd like floats upon a stream. There was a fearful noise of shouting and screaming, and the sounds of the trampling and stamping of feet, and worse sounds of blows and grappling. A thick yellow smoke surrounded them now, choking and blinding them. Adler had to throw back his head and gasp for air, like a drowning man. Sparks and little charred chips began falling upon them from the galleries, and he could catch the pungent smell of burning hair as the cushioned upholstery of the seats burned. Then a part of the highest gallery crumbled in, and a man began to scream that he was burning, and for the first time Adler heard the roar and crackle of the fire. It might have been behind him or above him—he could not tell. The smoke was so thick that

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he could only see for a radius of a few feet. Through the murk he could catch glimpses of struggling, shadowy forms; of clutching hands coming up from the depths below, and now and then a face would be turned towards him, horribly white and writhing,—just such sights and faces as one sees in a Doré Inferno.

The pressure of the crowd around him became almost unbearable; and what with this and the choking smoke there were times when he could not breathe. Ladies were separated from their escorts, or else deserted by them, and once Adler caught sight of a man with a sword-cane, trying with it to open a passage for himself through the press. Several of the crowd had either fainted or succumbed to the smoke; and as Adler went trampling on, driven by the momentum behind, he felt hands and arms reaching and clutching at his legs and feet. But there were other

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heaps that he trod upon which were quite still and inert.

At last he was vomited forth into the foyer, and still dragging Travis with him, stumbled out into a freer space, where the smoke was not so dense and the press not so close, and where he had a chance to pause an instant and determine the situation.

He and Travis had been sitting in one of the front rows of the house, so that when the rush came, although they had managed to get a considerable start, they were, nevertheless, among the last to reach the foyer. Here upon either side the stairways from the galleries led down to the common entrance of the house. When the real rush began, two solid columns had streamed down these stairways, and meeting before the door had by means of the greater impetus gained by coming down the stairs forced a way through that part of the crowd coming from the lower portion of the

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house, and had now cut them off from the entrance entirely. A greater part of those in the pit had, however, managed to make their escape before the rush down the gallery stairways had begun; so when Adler and Travis reached this point they found themselves in comparatively freer space, but cut off from further progress by the struggling columns from the galleries in front of them.

Adler cast a quick glance around him. Behind him the auditorium seemed like a furnace, and he felt the hot breath of the fire coming by puffs through the scorched valves of the doors. There was no time to lose. Outside he could catch the rapid panting and coughing of the engines at work pumping.

Directly in front of him he saw that the crowd from the galleries, meeting each other head on, had come to a deadlock, and that the only chance of breaking through the masses was at their

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point of impact; a sudden pressure at this point might succeed in breaking up the deadlock, and bending the opposing forces outward in a V-shaped form, through which one might be able to struggle to the street beyond.

But where did he get the trained eye and the coolness of judgment that told him this was the thing to do, or what experience had given him the faculty of rapid thought in emergency, and the power of acting quickly upon it? How had he kept his head throughout the fierce excitement of the last few moments, or how had he managed not to lose his feet while he was clutched at and dragged at from behind and from below? The crush and lurch of the crowd was but the old scrimmage of the gridiron field, and the confused, blind rush that enveloped him was no worse than the trained and disciplined charges of the revolving V or the flying wedge, and for one brief instant Adler

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thanked his God that he was a 'Varsity half-back, and knew how to use his weight and wits.

There was not one minute to be wasted now, because the heads of the brass nails on the exits behind him were fiercely hot. Adler knew just what was to be done and how he was to do it.

He stepped back to gain headway, put his arm tightly around Travis, and ran in with head and shoulders bent very low. He had done this hundreds of times before in practice and match games, when his captain called upon him to buck the center, but never before had he done it with such iron determination as now. He had Travis around the waist, and was dragging her with him through the way he was opening in the crowd. It was the same trick that Travis's brother had seen him use in the game, and it worked with the same success.

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He had rammed the throngs in front of him just at the point where they had met, and so great was the pressure from the rear of either column that it required only a comparatively insignificant force to break them apart,—and Adler supplied this force. You can get perfectly analagous conditions by pressing the tips of your index-fingers against each other, point to point. As long as you maintain them in a straight line with one another, they will remain as they are; but deviate them from this position by ever so little, and they will at once break outward or inward in the shape of a V.

Adler began to be really frightened only after they got out into the street, and some one was helping him to carry Travis, who had fainted, into a drug-store on the corner. He had ceased to feel brave and cool; his knees knocked together when he thought of what they had both escaped. He was quite unfit

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to pose as a hero, because he felt weak and sick at his stomach, and because his hat was jammed down immovably over his eyes and ears.

But he forgot all about this, and the world and all things visible were turned upside down when he went home in the hired coupé with Travis, with her head on his shoulder and his arm around her waist.

Adler is captain of the team now, and next season his name will be in every one's mouth, and you will see his picture in the dailies and illustrated weeklies, and you will hear his weight and condition discussed by young ladies and gentlemen who do not know him, across supper-tables and between dances. And the year after that he graduates, and is to be married to Travis Hallett, and is to go with her to Europe for a while, after which he will go into business in old Mr. Hallett's office.

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"But," said the escort, who did not approve of the game of football, "nothing was proven. A man does not spend his life in pulling young ladies out of burning theaters. Because his football training was of service to him on that occasion, it does not go to show that it will ever be of any other material benefit to him hereafter."

"I think you will find, however," answered Mr. Hallett, rubbing the stubble on his chin the wrong way, "I think you will find that the same qualities that make a good football man would make a good soldier; and a good soldier, sir, is a man good enough to be any girl's husband."

"Which," said Travis, as she heard of the conversation later on, "is perfectly true."

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The Proud Dig and the Lazy Student

By James Hopper

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, before the University had its new buildings, before Stanford had invented football, when Professor Putzker spoke only nineteen languages, and co-eds were yet a minority, there lived in California a Lazy Student.

O but he was lazy—a masterpiece of perfected laziness! On sunny days he spent his time on the steps of North Hall (then a temporary building), puffing at a charred piece of corncob with just enough nicely calculated force to keep a light. His long legs stretched over half-a-dozen steps; his hazy, blue

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eyes wandered over the landscape. Passers-by stumbled regularly over the legs; they looked into the hazy blue eyes, and their wrath was quelled.

Once in a while, as the North Hall bell toned musically, he seemed to remember something. His face contracted in agony; his dreamy blue eyes took tints of nameless terror; he half-rose, stiff with resolve. But his muscles would relax; he fell back limply on his steps, took a puff of relief, and a wave of beatitude smoothed the face to its customary placidity. These paroxysms came about fifteen times a week, and observers noticed that, on a small piece of cardboard lined in little squares, the Lazy Student had marked with crosses the time of occurrence of these dreadful attacks.

Sometimes, on warm spring days, the Lazy Student forsook North Hall. Early in the morning he sauntered up Eglantine Canyon (this was before the

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supremacy of co-eds). In short, laborious relays, cut by long periods of delicious rest, he puffed and sighed his way to a little knoll, where he threw himself down in the supreme ecstasy of toil done. There, lying on his back in the high grass, he passed the day. Golden beams stealing through the grass-blades played merrily about his nose. The air vibrated with mysterious sounds of throbbing life; the quail called from afar; the lark tinkled; and, nearer, there were nameless little chirps and squeaks and little cries—rustlings, scamperings, whisperings. For the little beasts of the hill liked this lazy man, and he was so nice, so quiet, so beautifully lazy that they took all sorts of liberties with him. Often a scurrying squirrel ran plumb over him, and spiders were wont to weave their webs all about him. Once, one of these tireless little spinners, a tiny golden-hued thing, had built a bridge from the tip of his shoe

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to the tip of his nose. He watched her with one eye as on this foundation she elaborated a fragile net. Then a happy, buzzing flylet had become entangled, and the Lazy Student underwent a terrible moral crisis. Should he save the fly and disappoint the spider, or should he please the spider and see the fly devoured? The spider was certainly his first friend, and saving the fly would be a deliberate breach of trust. He decided for the spider. But just as she was pouncing on the struggling, helpless little fly, his innate sympathy for the weak suddenly got the better of him. He moved his foot, straightened his nose, and piff! the web broke, and buzz! the fly was off. The little golden spider jumped on his knee, hurried up and down to view the catastrophe, then resolutely began weaving again. Suddenly the Lazy Student had a vision of her sensation. He imagined the affrighted and question-

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ing dismay at the sudden destructive act of the great unknown, brutal force, the passionate "why?" of the little spider. And a big tear dropped languidly a-down his nose. Ah, the life of a lazy man is not always a happy one!

Above, lazy, fluffy clouds floated across the blue—eternal invitation to airy, floating life. He loved the clouds, did this Lazy Student.

One day, as he lay in this interesting position, he suddenly felt an impulse to yell.

Where he got that idea I will not attempt to tell. The act necessitated a considerable amount of physical exertion. He had to draw in a big breath of air, then expel it; the vocal clouds must be set vibrating. Could he have forgotten to calculate this? I fear it. Communion with nature is intoxicating. I know of a dignified professor who, when in the mountains, rolls down every hill of slope gentle enough to impart

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some slight degree of decorum to such indecorous action. Our hero did not roll down the hill, but he yelled, and, worse, he yelled in German, something that he had heard in his childhood—in the happy days when there was a nurse to take care of him and tell him stories—and which suddenly rhythmed back into his head:—

O, was soll es bedeuten
Das ich so traurig bin.

(He might have said *faulig*.)

Soft, far, dreamily indistinct, the echo came floating back. He started! Again he yelled. Again the echo returned. He took a big gasping breath; then, leaning back, he closed his eyes, overcome by the sudden realization of what might be.

The remainder of that term the North Hall station was abandoned. The Lazy Student passed his time on the hill.

At the beginning of the next semester

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there went through college vague rumors that the Lazy Student had reformed.

It was true. He was attending recitations. One morning, registration week, he had sauntered into the recorder's office.

He had been at college three years and a half. He found that he had five hours' credit. He calmly put down one hundred and twenty hours on his registration-card. This, happening a long, long time ago, before red tape had been invented, was quite possible.

But what was singular was his choice of studies. His card read something like this: German 1, do. 2, do. 3, and so on to German 58; French 1, do. 2, do. 3, and so on to French 51. Spanish, Italian, Hebrew, Chinese, Sanskrit, Icelandic appeared in the same proportion. One hundred and twenty hours in languages! Putzker paled before this.

One day, during German 46 b., the

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Dig, glancing over his spectacles toward a corner of the room, was startled at the sight of the Lazy Student, sprawled comfortably in a corner chair, with half-shut eyes permeating himself with the atmosphere of lore. An hour later, at French 53 c., the Dig, making for a seat, stepped on some one's feet. Turning to apologize, he met the mournful, reproachful look of two hazy blue eyes. At Spanish 37, everywhere he went that day, he met our lazy friend.

It puzzled him and it irritated him. What right had this long, lazy, unkempt personage to profane the learned haunts with his languid presence? It was positively insulting.

But he had to stand it. The ex-bum attended recitations religiously. Half-asleep most of the time, when called upon to recite he was transformed. His body stiffened with a snap, his eyes opened and flashed genius, and he translated, translated, translated, tearing

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his way along like a torrent, rushing over all obstacles. He tossed his head like a fiery nag, snorted and charged on till the moderating, imploring "Kritisch! kritisch!" of the professor became mild open-mouthed astonishment. When finally stopped, he dropped to his seat and, after a final tremor, regained his usual indescribable ease of posture, while the professor muttered, "Ya, gut; you haf—you haf de geeft of languish." And a stinging envy penetrated the heart of the Dig.

Every day at four o'clock the Lazy Student could be seen making his way by easy stages toward Eglantine Canyon. Under his arm he had a pile of books—a Tower of Babel of Greek, Sanskrit, Latin, German, Hebrew, etc. In the evening he returned, flushed and happy with the sense of duty done. He certainly had a remarkable gift for languages. And the Dig who toiled and toiled over a paltry twenty hours a

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week was taken with a formidable hate for that lazy, worthless, shiftless Rip Van Winkle who bummed along one hundred and twenty hours of the same subjects.

One day after Hebrew 27, during which the Lazy Student had starred the Dig into the shades of mediocrity, the latter made a mighty resolution. He would follow his rival; he would cling to him like a leech and spy his method, wrest the secret of his success!

The Lazy Student started for the hill, and the Dig followed. It was not difficult to keep up. The Lazy Student sighed along one hundred feet, then rolled limply on the ground. There he recuperated a few minutes, his legs stretched like some gigantic compass. With a heart-rending groan he started up again, to repeat the same performance with gradual diminuendo of walking stages and crescendo of resting periods. The Dig followed these ma-

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neuvers, wondering. Creeping through the grass, jumping from tree to tree, he followed our unconscious hero. Two or three times he almost stumbled upon him during one of his numerous rests. At last an ecstatic sprawl in the grass, a formidable sigh of relief, and a total immobility lasting many minutes told that the destination had been reached.

Silence reigned. The Dig heard his heart pitapatting. The Lazy Student did not budge. A butterfly perched on his nose, a squirrel peeped at him through the grass; but he did not move. A minute passed. Another. The Dig began to feel ridiculous. The laborious puffing of a train toiling up a grade seemed to reproach him for his momentary idleness. He was wasting his time up here, with Sanskrit 36 to prepare. He metaphorically kicked himself. It was ridiculous. He was just on the point of sneaking away when a great crackling sent the butterfly off

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in winged flurry and the little squirrel scampering in laughable terror. The Lazy Student was stretching himself. A majestic and resounding yawn followed. Then a rustling of paper. He had picked up a book. He began reading aloud :—

"Wenn ich ein Pferd hatte, so wurde ich nach San Francisco reiten."

Far, musical, prolonged, came back a voice :—

"If I had a horse I would go to San Francisco."

The echo was translating!

A great wrath nearly choked the Dig. So that was the way! While he digged and toiled laboriously, painfully, ceaselessly, that lazy, worthless, shiftless bum merely—— A great indignation throbbed in his head. But he kept quiet. Ah, two could play the same game!

For two hours the Lazy Student read —read in French, in German, in Span-

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ish, in Hebrew, in Greek, in Latin, in Syriac, in Sanskrit, in other languages. And the echo translated—translated in its measured, melodious, golden voice.

Many of the lessons were also the Dig's, and the echo was doing double duty. When the Lazy Student had finished the sun had set. A gray, melancholy, foggy night was falling. The Dig remained. The Lazy Student took not Old English. The Dig did. And he wanted a translation.

That night was a bad one for the inhabitants of the little town of Berkeley. Up in the hills the elements seemed to groan in terrible nightmare. Thunder rolled menacingly; lightning seared the sky. Sudden gusts of wind howled past dismally. In the morning only did the struggle cease, and a bright sun dispelled all gloom.

A rancher came down from the hills. He told a queer story. Passing along a ridge at night, he had witnessed a

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strange spectacle. On a knoll, erect, defiant, a young man with long black hair and shining spectacles, holding a book at arm's-length read aloud in some weird tongue. It sounded something like this: "Gewat him tha on uhtan mid aerdage ofer sandhleothu to saes farude," and other kindred buzzing, rasping, whirring cries. At each word thunder answered from the hill as if the elements revolted at such sounds. The wind hooted dismally; nameless shrieks and groans came from the canyons. With a sort of frenzy, the weird reader shouted louder and louder,—seemed to taunt and defy the elements. A yellow moon glancing at intervals through dirty, sulphurous clouds glamoured the scene in sickly light. The rancher had fled in terror.

That afternoon the Lazy Student, on the point of spreading himself in his accustomed pastoral study, found it occupied. A man was stretched in his

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customary place. The Lazy Student approached. The man did not move. When nearer, the Lazy Student remarked that the body was stark and stiff. The face was black.

One glance was sufficient. With a howl of terror the Lazy Student scampered down the hill. He got down without one stop. He gave the alarm and the body was brought down.

It was the Dig. He was not quite dead. In a few days he regained consciousness, but only to fall into the hallucinations of a terrible fever. In his delirium, he imagined himself engaged in a terrible struggle with the echo of the hills. The Dig had got it into his head to make the echo translate Old English. The latter had vigorously protested, and an epic struggle had taken place. To scraps of Old English the tortured echo had hurled back nameless imprecations—thunder, lightning, earthquake. The proud student had

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persisted, and an extra-vigorous retort had felled him to the earth.

For weeks he struggled in the throes of his hallucinations. Finally, little by little, his mind cleared of its fearful fantasies and he became convalescent. But he had forgotten all his languages, and had acquired an overpowering repugnance to language-study. A word of Old English whispered in his ear would cause an epileptic fit. Poor fellow! He turned to mathematics.

The Lazy Student graduated. He was the class medalist. He now translates great works of foreign tongues. Although famous, he has always clung with touching fidelity to the home of his childhood.

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The Legend of the River Wayste

By Ida H. Ballard

LEGEND says that there stood on the south boundary of Friesland the castle of the Lord Wenceslaus Geestewandach, one of the greatest barons of Friesia.

Lord Wenceslaus was an old man and had been a Crusader. His eldest son was now a Free Lance in Saxony, whose Duke was suzerain of Friesland; the younger son hunted boars at home.

Dame Adelgunda Geestewandach it appears, Scott and others to the contrary, had none of those medieval qualities, the recital of which so disheartens modern womanhood. She was neither

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tall, nor sloping-shouldered, nor fair-haired. She was not gentle nor ministrant; she was no Catherine Barlass, nor did she bid palmers and troubadours to her iron-bound chamber for long converse. She was a lean, diligent, prayerful woman, who spun and wove from five to five, and went to bed with the birds that she might arise at five to spin. She had spinners from the village, and weavers from the town of the Wayste. Her woolen and flaxen clothes and embroideries had fame both in Bruges and Lubeck; and her children and her husband went forth to boundary wars, tournaments, and the Saxon and German courts, bedight in the fancies of a soul that looked not beyond its distaff and beads.

Among the weavers was a dyer's daughter from the town, who had wedded the captain of the castle guard. Salva, says the legend, was small and fair and gentle. She wove much and

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talked little, and was wont to sit in the garden at vespers, though others in the castle went to chapel, to the Iron Mother that William of the Broken Point a century before had set up in the east bastion, or to the shrine that stood in the north hall. This garden was a bit of ground under the north wall where Dame Adelgunda grew simples for her household.

Salva was the dyer's only daughter, and in his fortress home she had become a good housewife. For eight years she had worked on a great gold-thread tapestry, captained by pearls, which the dyer meant to give his liege lord on his seventeenth birthday.

There was no daughter in the castle, and Salva being gentle, and slow of speech, and light of step, and fair even as a baron's daughter should be, there fell upon her the duties that are a daughter's, which were none the less sweet to Salva, for that their fellow privileges were

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not hers as well. She was first weaver, and waited in the Dame's chamber, and stood near her chair at table. She sat within the circle of firelight in the hall when the Baron told to his son and followers tales of the Crusades, and of France and Rome, for he had journeyed much.

Salva had been five years a wife. Five years the castle walls had whispered the soft echo of her comings and goings, her breathed prayers, her lowly incense to the great men and to the great God above her. And the unseen shuttle of her simple life of love, duty, and care had woven about and through the castle a shadowy tapestry, costlier and more beautiful and more wonderfully patterned than the great gold-thread tapestry, and captained by words and deeds set more freely in it than the rich dyer dared set his pearls.

The legend does not say that Salva had any faults. Such old stories have

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a pleasant, healthy, and cheerful fashion of generalizing largely. Heroines' noses and tempers, moral views and peccadillos are described and put away under two good old adjectives, which, when all is said and done, describe a woman as thoroughly and generously as she need wish to be. She was "fair and gentle," says the legend. Being fair, her eyes, whether large or small, looked forth fearlessly and earnestly, and, being gentle, modestly as well; and being fearless, earnest, and modest in her glances, she was wise as well as fair, and, being gentle, put that fair wisdom to such practice as Christ approves.

Dame Adelgunda was virtually childless; for her eldest son, as became a knight, was ever away, and the younger disrelished her chamber, where distaffs and litanies made scant harmony with visions of squares of spears and fierce boarhounds. She was indeed childless until the dyer's daughter came to serve

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in the castle. From the first the Dame liked Salva's footstep; then there was a companionship in the ready hand and arm at her chair; a satisfaction in passing up a bit from her trencher or a sup from her ale; a pride in saying, "My Lord Wenceslaus, 't is a Christ's head done by Salva. I think it good,"—then, "quite as good as Saul of Bruges sold my cousin of Deitcheufleitchen"; a pleasure in peeping from the casement at vespers upon the bowed head in the garden; an exultation when the gold-thread tapestry was done, and the dyer, with the burgomaster and the burghers of the town, rode through the forest and across the Wayste in substantial state to present the gift to his liege lord. She thought that only Salva could have done it—Salva guided by her. She flushed with delight when the Abbot of Deitcheufleitchen, who was fair to become a cardinal, and even then a writer of monstrous large books, said

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he tarried on the Wayste to see three things — Geestewandach himself, the Dame's chest of cloths, and the wife of the Captain of the Guard, who was deemed in Deitcheufleitchen "the fairest handmaid that ever served on Wayste."

"Aye, my lord, they say aright," she answered proudly, and turning, "Here is Salva. She hath one fault only— the Captain loves her. I would that my Lady of Wayste, to whom I have prayed these forty years, had sent me a snooded maid. I like not the Captain's rights."

And later she said when the maids went forth to gather osiers on the Wayste: "Linger not, Salva. The river is a long way, and there be robbers about, though the Duke boasts he hath hanged them to a hundred trees; and my lord's enemies burrow in the wood. Be nimble, girl; I am lonely if the sun but shines on thy head and not on mine."

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And she muttered to herself, "I am an old woman, very old, to wait the wench's looks and words as I did e'en my lord's once. When she is about, the maids' litanies are like the harmonies the angels sang St. Anthony. I forget my ora—saints, forgive! I have so little to pray for."

Salva's chamber was a turret next my lord's bed-chamber. Many times was she called by night by the restless Dame to do some trifling service, and so often was she called that she kept always a rush-light burning in the turret beneath the one window; but by dawn, because of the thick smoke, she was glad to rise and blow it out, and dress by the square of white shadow that copied on the floor the pallid sky above. The sill was so high that she could reach it only with the point of her shoulder, and here she often idled, looking northward to the sea; or rather to the pink fog lying faintly on the land's edge,

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which only the searching, glad light of sunrise vouchsafed to her.

She stood thus some time one spring morning, thinking, as she often thought at that hour, of her father and the town, of the cathedral and the pageants, and of how much she still missed these things that she yet loved, when a man on the forest road came down to the river. He took off his clothes and made them into a bundle, holding which on his head he crossed the stream, and on the castle bank briefly attired himself, for he was dressed as a serf. Salva watched without seeing him until he took up his staff and approached the castle. He was tall and straight and old, and he did not walk like a serf, but in the manner of a freeman. As he came nearer she recognized him. He was a freeman and from town. He was the gardener Jogund.

Now, the last gossip from the town

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had had evil tales of Jogund. The Count of Horzmund had carried away his son some years before to be a muleteer, and Jogund had borne himself badly since. He quitted his great gardens and went among the soldiers and wanderers outside the town walls, and drank with them, and gave them his money and clothes. His gardens went to waste, his customers forgot him, and the town watchmen drove him home with their staves when they found him wandering on the streets, stupid and lost. Silent Salva cried hidden tears when she heard these woful things; for Jogund had been her father's friend, and had brought her apples every summer, and his first onion, and had come on feast days on his slow, heavy oak barge to bear her father and herself to his gardens. She had loved the black barge. It slipped through the shining waters of the Wayste, lingering on the spits and under the

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banks, and swinging athwart the slow tide at the touch of every alder arm and willow bough.

When she recognized Jogund, her heart misgave her painfully. She ran through the Baron's chamber, and sped down to the garden and through its door, the key of which she carried. Below was Jogund passing on the shingle.

"Jogund, Jogund," she cried, "come up, come up!" And when he came, they sat in the garden and he told her of his troubles. His land was gone—sold, and the money gone. He had naught but his smock, and was come to swear fealty to the Baron and become his man.

"Since my boy is a serf, I will be no freeman. He eats the black bread, and so must I. I would have brought him, but I could not find him. I asked all the soldiers, all the friars, all the singers who come on Wayste, but none had

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news of him. If he is dead, God be good to a good boy! The Baron will take me for his man, for I can make a garden."

Jogund became the Baron's man, and made a garden on the Wayste under the north wall, where Salva could look down upon him, and shed for his broken heart such tears as made the pink fog a string of dancing diamonds, a gay carcanet upon the bold North Sea.

But of all this Dame Adelgunda knew nothing. One twilight, when the household was gathering in the hall, she by chance looked from her window upon the garden, and saw Salva pass through the garden-door and down the hill to the gardener's hut. He sat on the bench by the door, and she sat beside him.

"He is from her town," thought my lady, and forgot the matter.

Again she missed Salva from the hall, but bethought herself of the gardener,

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and sent there that she return. It vexed my lady that Salva could find such content in a peasant's hut, and so she said when Salva came, and sent her to the shrine to say forty aves; but the Baron said it should be but twenty, and all for him. Salva had whispered hardly three when my lady wanted her blue silken cloak — a mere pretense, says the legend. Salva went to seek it, and coming back the Dame bade her keep her aves that night, as the hall was cold, and say them at matins; and muttered to herself the while, "I could box her for her fairness and her patience," and then loved her more because she was so fair and still.

By day Salva was yet faithful and ever at hand; but she said vespers in the garden no more and played no more games in the court and hall. The maids noted this, and said she must hunger for her town since she sought old Jogund so often and staid so long.

"She shall not leave the castle,"

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vowed the Dame. "She shall love no one but me. 'T is ill enough that I should be forever treading on the heels of that great wolf-hound, her husband —I who have done so much for her! Why goes she to this man? Cannot the begging friars tell her of her people? And what need she know? Is not the castle great enough for her? What other maid hath so much? No, not in all Friesia is there such a mistress as I. She is spoiled, the wench, and I shall beat her!"

And she laid her leather thong sharply across Salva's shoulders, who turned a frightened face upon the Dame and, crying out, ran away. At supper my lady repented of her anger, and passed up to Salva so many morsels that my lord took away her trencher, saying she sinned by giving to eat those who had said no grace.

"Who is thy gardener?" she asked of Salva.

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"My father's friend," answered Salva timidly.

"And what dost with him?"

"He talks of home."

"Home? This is thy home."

"Yes, my lady."

"Thou art happy here?"

"Yes, my lady."

"But he talks forever. Thou art always away, it seemeth to me."

"Only at vespers. He was rich once, my lady, and happy, and had a boy, but all is gone."

"Tush! he is a lazy fellow, who sought my lord's service, and talks because he is lazy. Thou canst be talked to within the wall, since thou wilt not talk thyself. I will talk to thee. Thou art a good child to listen, and I like to have thee about. I love thee, Salva."

"Yes, my lady," murmured Salva.

"Thou goest no more to this gossip. I want thee to promise."

But Salva stood silent. The Dame's

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brows thickened and her cheek flushed. Would this whelp of a sea-town refuse?

Salva, seeing the frown, said fearfully, "I cannot, my lady. I love Jogund. I always loved Jogund."

"Thou shalt not go without the walls. Give me the key. I shall command the guard that thou goest not over the draw-bridge nor the foot-bridge. Now, get hence, and may the Mother of Wayste pray away my anger!"

"So it happens," says the legend, "that the Dame sat in her high chair alone, and said a pater and a threat, an ave and a vow, all that day, and the next, and the next—for Salva came not to pray her pardon," not knowing, poor innocent, what it is to be jealous and think others as mad as herself.

"The Dame is hard with thee," said the Captain to Salva. "Thou art a gentle seabird, and thou shalt go without the gates and see thy peasant man.

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Look thou bringest me no trouble, for the Dame beest strong with my lord."

"I had not thought to disobey my lady," answered Salva.

For three days she did not see Jogund, who sat sadly on the bench before his hut when the day was done and watched the garden-door for her coming. Salva had been minded not to disobey the Dame, but when she saw Jogund waiting for her, she said that she would go to him, and the Captain bore her out, saying he would wait for her.

After an hour she was coming swiftly when the garden-door opened, and Dame Adelgunda called to her:

"Come to me. Where hast been, Salva? With simples to the village?"

"No, my lady. I have been with Jogund."

"Thou lovest Jogund," said my lady in a low voice.

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"Yes, my lady—poor, good Jogund!"

"But not me, wench!" screamed the enraged Dame. "I would have had thee lie to me, and believed thee hadst thou done so. I saw thee creep away to the churl, an' I asked hadst thou been to the village, an' thou feared not to say nay. Thou shalt love none but me!" The Dame raised the great iron key of the garden-door, and struck her shrinking handmaid.

"Down, girl," she cried, "and promise thou wilt no more to Jogund!" And Salva sank on her knees and thence fell along the wall.

"The Lady of Wayste judge between us," panted Dame Adelgunda.

Then men came running, for in the garden a loud shriek resounded, and they found their lady staring at the shadow of the wall and then at the key in her hand.

"She is dead," muttered the Dame,

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distraught. "Lady of Wayste, judge betwixt us! She is dead. 'T is a punishment—a punishment. Our Lady has stricken most hard. She is dead!" and so moaning she followed those who bore Salva to the hall, where the leech showed a purple wound on Salva's temple.

"She is dead," said the leech. "None more so."

Many years the old Dame sat shrunken in her high chair telling her beads; and sometimes in a whisper she prayed the Lady of Wayste, "Strike again as before. 'T is time, dear Lady; 't is time."

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The Singular Experience of the Gilstraps

By Gertrude Henderson

[In this exciting age of the ascendancy of Hall Caine and his ilk, the lives of heroes and heroines are so exposed to casualties by land and sea, to murder, suicide, hanging, and other interruptions more or less uncomfortable, that the sensitive reader of books is kept in a cold shiver of apprehension from cover even unto cover — a condition evidently dangerous for a generation already afflicted with too active nerves. And now that story-writers have taken to themselves the privilege of pessimism and the duty of realism, this unhappy reader is even bereft of his old-time peaceful assurance that it will all come out right some way, because the hero is the hero, and has to live happily ever after; else why should he be the hero? Alas! now that ill-used gentleman has lost so much of his ancient privilege that his miseries commonly reach to the end of the last page, and even his death is not unprece-

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dented. In view of these facts we have decided to spare our readers' nerves by killing our hero and heroine in the very beginning. Thus wear and tear on sympathies is entirely done away with. The thoughtful will see at once the practical advantages of the plan.]

"MY dear," said the stout gentleman who sat on the rower's seat and plied his oars with the mighty effort that suggests being new at the business, "my dear, I really wish you would be more careful about staying in the middle of your seat. It is very unsafe to have the boat so ill-balanced, especially when the water is so rough. I begin to think we were imprudent to venture out at all."

"Oh, Milty! are you frightened, too?" gasped his equally stout wife, with a sudden shifting of her substantial person that set the boat to rocking violently. "Oh, Milty! if I had known there would be such waves I never would have consented to come, never.

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You know I told you we ought to have a boatman."

As if to bring proof of this feminine wisdom, the boat gave a sudden lurch to the left, and followed it by a still more violent one to the right. At each the unhappy woman shrieked and slid into the temporary safety of the uppermost side.

"Maria," said the pale but perspiring Milty, plunging his oars deep into the water, "I am perfectly capable of managing this boat, if you will only be sensible and sit still. But if you will fling yourself about in that insane way, probably neither one of us will ever set foot on shore again. Out in the Pacific Ocean!—I never thought, Maria, —my dear, I don't mean to be harsh, in the very face of death, as we are, but if you will only sit still there 's no danger at all, not the least in the world, I assure you. You 're ridiculous to suggest such a thing, Maria.

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The voice of the brave Milty was so tremulous by the time he came to the end of this reassuring speech that his weaker half was seized with new terrors. She started to wring her plump hands, but relinquished her purpose half-way in favor of the more practical one of clutching desperately the sides of the boat, and fixing upon her husband a pair of eyes so round with terror that his last spark of courage flickered out. He pulled wildly upon one oar, and then the other, and then on both almost at once. At this the boat gave a sudden flop, as much as to say, "Well, my friends, I 'm not going to stand this kind of thing any longer. I 'm going to upset, and you 've only yourselves to blame for it." And with that it turned itself completely over, shook itself free from its occupants, and went tossing, bottom up, over the waves. There were two great splashes, two gurgling screams, and a long silence.

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Presently there began to rise out of the water a sort of vague exhalation. Slowly it took on a certain shadow of definiteness of outline, and at last it uttered a sound, a faint, far-off, agitated sound.

"Miltiades Gilstrap!" it said. "Where are you?"

A second mist wavered up out of the water, and before it had fairly emerged from its original formlessness, answered in a tone of uncertain, spectral joy, "Is that you, Maria?"

"Oh, Milty!" said the shade of Maria, stretching itself over toward the second apparition, "I'm so relieved to have you here! What is the matter? I feel so peculiar!"

For a moment the misty Miltiades made no reply. At length he said, "Do you see that black thing over there on the water?"

"Yes," said Maria. "It looks like our boat."

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It was in fact that faithless servant, still tossing itself pettishly about with the waves.

"It is," said Miltiades, "and it is wrong side up. We don't seem to be in it, do we?"

"No," said Maria, "we certainly are n't."

"And there is n't any buoy in sight," continued Miltiades, "nor any other boat, and we are n't near land, and we can't swim." He paused to give himself time to grasp the only conclusion possible.

"Maria," said he solemnly, "we must be drowned."

"Miltiades!" ejaculated Maria. "Miltiades Gilstrap! You don't mean it! You make my flesh creep!"

"Yes, I do," said that pitiless reasoner, "I can't see any other way to account for everything. Besides, you have n't any flesh. There, there, Maria!" he added hastily, feeling that he

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had been perhaps a trifle too harsh in the last sentence. "Now, don't take it so hard. I dare say it won't be so bad when once we get used to it. Let's go and sit down on the boat, and talk it over comfortably. Do you feel chilled, my dear? Perhaps you had better take my arm."

And offering her what seemed to correspond to that member in his vapory substance, he led her to the boat, and helped her to a seat on its upturned bottom.

"Milty, dear," said Maria, when she was fairly settled, "I suppose you must be right. The boat certainly did turn over. Here it is itself to prove it. There was n't anything else for us to do but to go into the water; and I am sure we never could have gotten out alive. But it 's hard to realize."

"It 's too bad we had n't learned to swim," said Miltiades. "Then we might have saved ourselves. Still,

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there would have been the fright and the exposure, and in your state of health I should n't wonder if it would have been the death of you, anyway. Perhaps we are better off as we are."

"There 's one thing, Milty," said Maria thoughtfully, "I am glad we are n't leaving any children behind to grieve for us. And there won't be any trouble about the funeral, either. I am glad we went together, are n't you? I always hoped we could. It would have been so lonely for you staying on alone if I had been taken first, not having any near relatives to keep you company and make things cheerful for you. Yes, it is rather comfortable to know it 's all over and settled, and nothing to worry about any longer. Milty," she said, struck with a sudden thought, "that black dress of mine will be simply ruined. I told you I ought to have gone back and put on my old one. And think of your suit!"

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"Well, I don't know as that matters now, Maria," said Milty, comfortably. "We shan't need them."

"That's true," sighed Maria, in a half-regretful tone. "I had forgotten. I don't think I ever had a dress I liked better than that, either."

"There now, Maria," interposed her vapory spouse at this moment, touched by the growing melancholy in her tones, "I would n't worry about a little thing like that. I don't begrudge the cost. You know I never was stingy about what you had to wear. My dear," he continued, casting about in his thoughts for something wherewith to divert her mind from its depressing chain of reflections, "you 've often thought of ghosts, have n't you?"

"Yes," said Maria. "Oh, Milty! do you suppose we are ghosts? I never thought I should come to that."

"I should n't wonder," said Milty, with determined cheerfulness. "And

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why should n't we have a little enjoyment out of it? We can't stay here. It 's getting on toward night, and the boat is certainly damp. Suppose we go ashore, and then take a little journey somewhere."

"But how can we get there?" said the practical Maria, surveying the expanse of darkening water with an anxious eye.

"We 've lost the oars, and even if we could get ashore your money is all in your pocket, where you can't possibly get at it; and how are we to pay for railroad tickets, or even hire a carriage? You know you never did like going into debt."

"But I never heard of ghosts that traveled by rail or by carriage either," said Milty. "Don't you remember, they glide. That 's what we must do."

"Why, Milty," said Maria, "I never did such a thing in my life. I 'm sure

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I should n't have the first notion how to do it."

"Neither did I, in my life," answered Milty; "but then, we never were ghosts before. It 's very different, you know. Perhaps it would come quite natural, with a little practice. I suppose we would n't go very fast just at first, but I 've no doubt we 'd soon get the way of it. Would n't you like to try it? We could stay near the boat for a while, so as to come back and rest whenever we felt tired."

"Well," said Maria, her sensible mind seeing at once the practical force of her husband's reasoning, "if we 're to be ghosts, of course we 'll have to learn to glide, and we might as well do it now as any time. Come on, Milty. Let 's begin. Give me your arm, please. It would n't do for us to get separated. And don't try to go too fast. Remember, I never was very quick on my feet."

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"Now that 's sensible of you, Maria," said Miltiades, affectionately intermingling his misty arm with that of his wife. And the worthy pair floated hazily up from the boat and drifted across the water, too intent upon the novelty of the motion to waste thought in talking for several moments.

"Really, I would n't have thought it would be so easy," said Maria, at last. "It 's very much pleasanter than walking,—a little dizzying just at first perhaps, but one gets over that."

"And do you notice how rapid it is?" asked Miltiades, in tones of much placid satisfaction. "We 've gone quite a distance already, and I have n't felt any effect. Would you like to go back and rest now, my dear?"

"Perhaps we had better," said Maria, turning to look across the water at the boat that now floated quite calmly, having worn off its fit of petulance, and set itself, it is to be hoped, to the sober

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contemplation of its misdeeds. "Still, I don't know," she continued, turning her shadowy eyes meditatively toward the distant beach. "The boat is n't so very much nearer than the shore. I don't know but we might as well keep right on, and rest when we get there. I 'm really enjoying this. That is, unless you feel tired, Milty."

"Oh, no; not in the least," he replied. "It is just as you say, my dear. Only don't be too ambitious all at once and overtax yourself."

"I believe," said Maria, as they fell once more into an easy glide, "I believe a little exercise like this every day would do us both good. It is very different from walking. That is so fatiguing, when a person is as stout as I am."

"You do it beautifully, Maria," said Milty, making a vague attempt to pat her unsubstantial arm. "Beautifully! I never saw a person take to a thing better. Of course, I am not very famil-

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iar with the proper way of doing these things, so I can't be sure we have it just right; but you do look very graceful."

"Oh, do I, really, Milty?" said Maria, the specter of a blush mantling her ghostly cheek. "I used to be good at getting new dance-steps when I was a girl and had n't so much flesh, but I supposed I had lost the knack. It is so long since I 've practiced. Not that this is anything like dancing, however. I am sure nobody could call this light-minded. I was just thinking how well you go—quite as if you had glided all your life."

"I am surprised to see what good time we make," said Milty. "We 've almost reached the shore already, and I am not at all tired."

"Neither am I," said Maria. "I never felt fresher in my life. Suppose we don't stop at all. Now that we are going so well, it would be a pity to interrupt it."

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"No, no, Maria; we had better stop for a few moments, at least," said the more prudent Milty. "You always were too impetuous. There is n't the least hurry. We 've plenty of time before us, and you may feel it to-morrow, you know, even if you don't to-day."

So saying, Miltiades led the way to a crumbling piece of drift-wood on the shore, the fragment of some forgotten wreck, and the two settled airily down upon it, side by side.

"Where shall we go?" asked Maria. "Well," said Miltiades, "I was just thinking about that. Suppose we go to see Rossou. He is that old schoolmate of mine you have heard me speak of. It would n't be far to go, and I would enjoy a sight of him. I have n't seen him for years."

"That is a good idea," said Maria. "Let 's start right off and get there before dinner."

At the head of a table that shone

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resplendent with Christmas silver and glass, and sent up savory promises of Christmas good cheer to the nostrils of the waiting company, sat Thomas Rossou, grizzled of hair, rubicund of face, and pretty of figure, with a Christmas turkey of phenomenal plumpness sizzling before him, a knife gleaming in his hand, and expectation shining in his cheerful countenance. With the deftness of a practical epicure he made the assault upon the crisp brownness under his hand, and "William," he said, "do you remember Miltiades Gilstrap, that used to go to school with us?"

"But Milty," whispered Maria to her husband, just outside the window, "I don't feel right about going in this way, without knocking, or ringing or anything. I 'm sure it is n't polite. And in the window, too? It is n't so bad for you, an old friend; but I never met the Rossous, you know. I don't

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know what they 'll think of me. And I never can get through that crack."

"Miltiades Gilstrap?" said William, an elderly, smooth-shaven gentleman, whose florid good nature shone through the steam of the gravy at his host's right hand. "Miltiades Gilstrap? Let me see."

"Yes, you can, too, Maria," said Miltiades, outside. Miltiades had taken the wise precaution while yet in life to make himself well informed as to ghosts, by way of a highly seasoned course of literature on the subject; and this juvenile forethought now stood him in good stead. "Ghosts can go through anything. It 's like smoke, you know. All you have to do is to stretch yourself out thin enough. And it 's perfectly proper, I assure you. I never heard of their ringing."

"Well," said Maria, "if you say so, I suppose it 's all right." And, like an obedient wife, albeit with some mis-

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givings, she put out an airy hand to try the passage; and finding no resistance, followed it with the rest of her imponderable body.

"Well, Tom!" said Miltiades, with effusive warmth, as he drew himself together after this attenuating entrance. "Surprised to see me, are n't you? And is n't this Will Keepover? What a piece of luck to find you here! I 'd have known you anywhere, Will. Do you think I am changed much? I tell you it does me good to see you both. It brings back the old days." And the soft-hearted specter rubbed his hands together with a joy in no wise lessened by their unsubstantiality. "My wife and I— Let me make you acquainted with my wife, Mr. Rossou; and Mr. Keepover, Maria, my dear. We were in the country, and thought we would come in upon you in this unexpected way and wish you a 'Merry Christmas.' Hope you 'll excuse the informality, but the

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circumstances, you see, were peculiar. We had the misfortune to meet with a little accident a while ago, and in fact—"

"Milt Gilstrap? Why, of course," said William, in serene oblivion of the presence of the gentleman himself. "Of course, I remember him. A chubby-faced youngster he was, and always having mishaps. He never knew the time when he did n't have a finger half off, or a tooth knocked out, or something of the sort. Do you recollect?"

"They could n't have heard you," whispered Maria. "How very extraordinary! You had better speak again."

The shade of Miltiades floated over nearer to the very tangible person of Mr. Rossou, and waited politely for Mr. Keepover to finish his remark.

"Is that the Will Keepover you had the fight with when you were a boy," asked Maria, in an undertone, "and whipped so?"

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"Yes," answered Miltiades; "and he was twice my size then."

"That day," continued Mr. Keepover, "when he and I had a fight, he was a good two inches taller than I, but I was a better fighter. I tell you he had enough of it." Mr. Keepover smiled at the memory of those mighty blows.

"Why, Will!" burst from the astonished lips of the shade of Miltiades. "You never had such a beating in your life. You know I— Excuse me," he said, turning to the host. "Good-evening and 'Merry Christmas,' Tom. I know you have a welcome for an old friend, even if he does come rather unceremoniously. My wife here, and I—"

"Milt was a good-natured boy," said Mr. Rossou, "but he never did have much pluck. I wonder where he is now."

Maria laid a sympathetic hand upon her husband's arm.

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"Maria!" groaned that unhappy gentleman, "Oh, Maria, we're dead, my dear! I had n't realized it. Let's get away. I—I feel very ill!" And, in melancholy silence, they floated out through the crack.

"Good-evening," said a gusty voice, and a shape settled down from the upper air and wavered indistinctly before them. "Can you tell me— Why, what's the matter? You look rather blue. Are you new ones?"

"New what?" said Miltiades.

"Ghosts," said the new-comer.

"I suppose so," said Miltiades, heaving a sigh that took shape in the frosty air as tangible as his own. "Are you one?"

"Oh, yes," said the new-comer; "I've been one this half-century. May I ask when you died, if it's no intrusion?"

"Only this evening," said Miltiades. "We were out on the water—"

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"Oh, indeed!" said the stranger sympathetically. "Many of our people come in that way. I suppose," he continued, returning to his original tone of brisk cheerfulness, "it is too early to inquire how you are enjoying it. Been doing any haunting?"

Maria and Miltiades exchanged glances.

"Well, no," said Miltiades; "not exactly."

"Oh, you ought to haunt," said the stranger. "I'm sure you would find great pleasure in it." And he turned with an air of courtly deference to Maria, who was looking somewhat shocked at the proposition.

"But—is it—do they consider it quite right?" she said.

"Yes," said Miltiades, "is n't that kind of thing confined to murdered men, and suicides, and people one would n't just like to be classed with?"

"Oh, you 're entirely mistaken,"

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said the stranger. "Why," with a wide sweep of his hazy arm, "I 'm just off on a little business of that kind myself now. Our very best people do it. I assure you, you won't be thought anything of in society if you don't haunt. There 's Colonel Ashmore's wife, one of the most charming women that ever died in this country; she does a great deal of it. She keeps a regular visiting-list of her places. And her great-granddaughter, Mrs. Levison, goes about with her a great deal. But, of course, she is older, and does n't care to be out quite so much. You need n't feel any hesitancy about it at all, my dear madam," (and again he addressed himself with charming grace to Maria); "and I urge you to do it, for your own enjoyment."

The minds of Maria and Miltiades were too full of novel ideas for ready speech. Before either of them could make answer the stranger continued:

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"I must really bid you 'good-evening.' I can't bear to be late for my appointments. It 's a house-party, and they 'll be looking for me. I hope to see more of you in future. Good-evening."

"Good-evening," said Miltiades and Maria, and the voluble gentleman melted away, humming a popular ditty of fifty years ago.

"Well, Maria?" said Miltiades, a faint cheerfulness struggling back into his voice.

"I'll do just as you say, Milty," answered Maria. "I 'm sure I don't know what to think."

"I certainly have read of it in the most aristocratic families," said Miltiades. "Don't you know how common it is in the English nobility?"

"Yes," said Maria; "that is true."

"Let 's try it," said Miltiades tentatively.

"Well, if you think best. But where?" quavered Maria.

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Milty's eyes traveled up the street and down the street, and rested on a brightly lighted house not far away.

"That looks cheerful," said he. "Let's go there."

With the words, they started off in true ghostly fashion, glided to the nearest window, drifted through a friendly chink, and settled down side by side upon a sofa to plan the details of their unaccustomed enterprise.

The room was gay with red-berried branches, after the cheerful fashion of the Christmas-tide, but only the flickering fire-glow lighted it.

"Just the place, is n't it?" said Miltiades, looking about with approval.

"Yes," said Maria, with a dubious inflection, looking at the room's one occupant.

Miltiades glanced quickly around at his wife. "You mean there ought to be more people here?" he said. "Oh, no, no! Not at all. I know they always take them one at a time."

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"But, Miltiades," objected Maria, "she looks so young and so sensitive. Of course, we would n't hurt her for anything. But suppose she should be frightened?"

"Now, Maria," said Miltiades severely, "you 'll have to get over that notion. Why, what 's haunting for? Of course, she 'll be frightened."

"But what if it should throw her into hysterics? It might make her sick," persisted Maria.

"I don't believe she 's that kind," said Miltiades. "She 's pretty, is n't she?" he added, his eyes lingering with evident admiration upon the girl, who sat motionless and gazed absently at the fire.

"Very," said Maria. "What a pretty bright brown her hair is! See how it catches the firelight and shines here and there."

"I wonder what she is thinking of," said Milty. "What eyes she has! I

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always liked that expressive kind of brown."

"She does n't seem to have noticed us," said Maria. "Had we better begin?"

"Yes," said Milty. "What had we better do first?"

"Could n't we just wish her a 'Merry Christmas,' and not startle her too much all at once?" suggested Maria.

"Maria," said Miltiades, "if we are going to do this thing at all, we ought to do it well; and whoever heard of that sort of remark for a ghost? No; we must clank our chains. They always do."

"Well, but we have n't any," said Maria. "At least I am sure I have n't; and if you have I don't know where you got them."

This was a grave difficulty.

"We certainly ought to have some," said Milty. "I don't see how we can do anything at all without."

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"Don't they sometimes rap on tables?" suggested Maria, doing her best to call up some scraps of supernatural information.

"That's a good idea," said Milty. "Yes; we can do that. We'll rap, and then we'll both groan at once, and then we'll say— What do they say, Maria? —'Vengeance!' or 'The hour is come!' or 'Beware!' or something short and blood-curdling like that?"

"Miltiades," said Maria, her tender heart smiting her past endurance, "I won't do it. I can't."

At this moment the door opened. "Ellen," said a voice, and the dreamer by the fireside looked quickly up. "Ellen, they want you. They sent me to find you. Ellen," and the voice also was by the fireside, "why did you go away?"

"Milty," whispered Maria, "that young man is in love with Ellen. I can tell by the way he looks at her."

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"It did n't make any difference," said Ellen. "There were so many. I was tired of games."

"But it made a difference to me," said the voice. "What have you been thinking of here by yourself? Will you tell me?"

"Oh—of a great many things," said Ellen.

"And of one thing?" asked the voice. It was a very low voice now. "Of what I told you? Have you been remembering that?" it asked.

"Yes," said Ellen.

"Miltiades," whispered Maria, "I do believe that young man 's proposing to Ellen. I don't think we ought to stay. Just think how you would feel yourself to have complete strangers come in at such a time."

"And will you tell me now what I asked you?" said the voice.

"Not yet," said Ellen.

"But will you soon?" said the voice, after a little pause.

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There was another little pause, and then: "Perhaps so," said Ellen.

"And do you think it will be what I want to hear?" asked the voice, as if it were no more than a thought that had some way made itself audible.

"I think—perhaps—it may," said Ellen.

"Here is a sprig of misletoe on the floor," said the voice—a very glad, clear voice. "See what a pretty piece it is! Its berries glisten so! Would you mind if I should put it in your hair? And then if I should take its privilege? Would you, Ellen?"

"Maria," said Milty, while his arm flowed vaguely around her unresisting form, "Maria dear, do you remember—?" And, forgetting their purpose, the two faded out of the window and away into the moonlit night.

And "No," said Ellen.

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The Confraternity of the Holy Agony

By Harley M. Leete

ON North Hall steps the Sophomores were roaring out their old-time war-song to the ominous accompaniment of clattering canes and significant wagging of their mortarboard head-gear. Groups of Freshmen were scurrying across the campus, in threes and fours, to some rendezvous in the park beyond. "Rush" was in the air. To-night the University of California would witness the annual struggle between Sophomore and Freshman.

Up the campus, wending their way through this confusion, side by side, came two young friends, a boy and

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a girl. He was tall and heavy, yet with the grace of strength in his step, and a delicacy of feature unusual to a man of his stature. His eyes were dark, and there burned in them that pure fire which we may imagine lighted the eyes of Sir Launfal as he sallied out his dream-castle gate. At least, that was the mental comparison of his companion, a fair, sprightly girl with a treasure of brown hair and merry gray eyes. Gray eyes are so often serious. She glanced up at him now, as he kept the hurrying Freshmen from jostling her, and a little shadow rested in their depths.

"Mr. Hope," she said, "I expect you to do something to distinguish yourself from the mass of men I know at college."

"Why?" he asked quietly.

"Because," she replied irrelevantly, with a shade more color than the setting sun would warrant.

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"Seems to me you exercise your prerogative rather emphatically, Miss Burton."

"Yes? Well, since I 've done so, there 's no appeal. The question is, Will you do it?"

He thought a long time. She was a Senior, and belonged to the Amateur Artists' Club. She knew hosts of men on the top round of their life-work, and he—well, he sighed—he was only a Freshman.

"You have a lifetime to do it in," she suggested at this critical moment.

He started. She had a little way of thinking along parallel with him that often surprised him.

"Well?" she asked, after another pause.

At that moment the Sophomores, ending their song with a wild crescendo whoop, came pell-mell down the steps, and, forming fours, executed a serpentine march down the path leading to

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Jack Maguire's billiard-hall. Then suddenly vague chaotic impulses, soul-protestations, were crystallized into a hard, unflinching purpose. His eyes flashed as he almost shouted, "I will!"

"Thank you, Mr. Hope. And may — may I be your friend?" she asked half-fearful of that flash, and with some misgivings as well.

"What might a man of his temperament and strength of will accomplish!" she thought; and she of the very exclusive "Amateurs" was conscious of just a little presumption.

"Why," he stammered, "if you only would. I don't seem to make friends here. I—," and then his throat stuck and Miss Burton came to the rescue.

"That's good of you to put it that way, and I'm very grateful." Then she took a thin gold bangle from her wrist, and went on a trifle nervously, "And this I'll give you as a token to wear on your imaginary helmet. But

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stop — I have n't knighted you yet," and laying a book playfully across his shoulder, she exclaimed, "Arise! Sir James Hope henceforth." Then she bade him good-by and left him standing by the library-steps looking foolishly at the little gold bangle laying in his great palm.

Descended from a long line of Catholic Hopes, who traced their ancestry two hundred years back of the time when the first Hope had come to America with Lord Baltimore, James was of a deeply religious nature. Despite the influences widely at variance with their religious forms, the Hopes still maintained, as sacredly as an heirloom, their Catholicism intact, though it was but the husk. The doctrine of universal brotherhood they believed fundamental to all true Christianity, and this formed the living, throbbing pulse of their religion. Naturally James believed that a man's first fraternity-pin

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should be that of his university. What he believed he gave expression to, both in action and speech. Hence, heralded as one of the finest half-backs who had ever entered college, applauded for his brilliant plays, he soon found himself with but few or no close friends, and all because he took life too seriously and had neither the tact nor geniality to win friends.

On the night of the rush he prayed long and fervently before his crucifix, till his resolve glowed to a white heat and shone from his face. At the foot of the cross was a little sandal-wood box, upon which, in raised silver letters, was an inscription reading, "*The Confraternity of the Holy Agony.*" Into this box James dropped a piece of silver, as his fathers before him for many generations had done at the end of their prayers. At New Year's the money from these deposits was gathered up and sent to some institution for unfortunates.

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The rush was over. At Jack Maguire's billiard-hall, waiters were running hither and thither in a mad endeavor to quench the huge thirst of the victors. Jack Maguire, notorious law-breaker and boss of town politics (and college politics, it was whispered), was everywhere congratulating the triumphant Sophomores. The winning side always had his sympathy, for win who would, he won from the winners, and sent many a one home on unsteady feet. All this in spite of the fact that a State law prohibited the sale of liquors within a radius of a mile about the University grounds. But, winked at by local authorities, Maguire had built a splendid billiard-hall just outside the grounds. Years of practice had emboldened him, until now he sold liquor in flagrant, open violation of all law. Nobody complained, because it was nobody's business.

On this evening the crowd little

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resembled students in appearance. Old clothes, slouch hats, a glint of military buttons here and there, faces in which the recent conflict had accentuated the brutal lines and dissolved the finer ones, bandaged arms and heads, and trophies of the rush flourished aloft, characterized the crowd. Not that this forty or fifty-odd students were representative of the entire student body. Far from it. But it was that element which was always in evidence whenever there was any hurrahing to be done or a college election to take place.

On a table at the head of the room stood Hal Rickstaad leading the singing of a coarse parody of one of the college songs.

"Hit 'em up, boys!" he shouted, and they responded with a roar:—

"Behold the conquering hero comes!
He is the very prince of bums!
He doth whatever him doth please,—
Oh! him doth please!

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And leads a life of luscious ease,—
Oh! luscious ease!"

"The devil take the man who digs,
He is the very prince of pigs!
Cold water drinks, which iron doth rust,—
Oh! iron doth rust!
And with dyspepsia he is cussed,—
Oh! he is cussed!"

As Hal Rickstaad lifted his mug for another draught before beginning the last verse, his hand was arrested before his mouth, and his eyes bulged out with astonishment and terror. All turned and followed the direction of his eyes. There, at the far end of the room, pressed against the pane, was the white, drawn face of James Hope, looking in on the brute horror of their debauch. Then the face faded into the darkness. In the room reeking with tobacco and fumes of drink, where a moment before all was hilarity and drunken sociability, there burst forth a wild, discordant

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clamor. Hal Rickstaad dashing his mug to pieces on the floor yelled, "A spotter! a spotter! Out on the spy! Out on the faculty's whelp!" and springing from the table he joined the wild scramble for the door.

For a few moments all was still save the tramping of feet, as the mob, broken up into small searching parties, hurried about the campus. Then a howl of triumph went up from the botanical gardens, and with answering halloos they all hurried thither.

When Hope came to himself he was lying in darkness on the banks of a small stream some two miles from the campus. His body was bruised and bleeding from the cane-beating he had received. When he essayed to rise, his head pained him savagely, and the trees wobbled about so strangely, the ground rushed up to him so swiftly, that after one or two attempts he gave it up and

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lay very still, puzzling his reluctant thoughts with the why and the wherefore.

They came so slowly, his thoughts, and were so unlike, he could scarcely make a sequence of them. By much piecing together he remembered hazily of being taken in the botanical gardens and being given his choice of leaving college or chastisement at the hands of his captors. He had chosen the latter and fought manfully for a while, but their numbers finally prevailed, and they dragged him to this stream, and after stripping and beating him threw him into a shallow pool. There they splashed the water over him by hurling rocks close to him. Sometimes their aim was unsteady and they had hit him. At last one struck him in the head, and he remembered nothing until now. Evidently they had dragged him out, and, fearing he was dead, had run away in a panic.

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It began to grow lighter, and a trifle encouraged by a growing coherence in his thoughts he rose unsteadily and tremblingly drew on his clothes, which he found scattered along the bank.

Two weeks later Hope appeared again on the gridiron. His strong vitality could yield but a short time to sickness, though he was quite pale from confinement indoors. The students assembled on the bleachers looked on in mute astonishment, as with a half-smile he swung out with his foot and raised the ball in one of his famous punts. Then hisses broke out.

He dropped the ball and stood for a moment facing the hostile eyes on the bleachers.

Some one called to the coach, "Put the spotter out!"

With a despairing glance at his fellow players, Hope turned to leave, when there came the raucous voice of the coach across the field:

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"Don't you mind them, Jimmie. Damn them! for a little spite they'd lose the Thanksgiving game. Play as you have played, old man, and I'll put you on the Varsity, spite o' hell!"

They all heard it. Hope wavered a moment, and then came back. It was not the hope of playing on the Varsity that turned him back. It was the words "Jimmie" and "old man." He could have sobbed out his thanks for those. His mother called him Jimmie. The bleachers were shamed into silence.

As Hope left the field that evening he encountered Hal Rickstaad and Jasamine Burton at the gate. Neither of them bowed to him. Rickstaad stared at him contemptuously. Jasamine looked at him steadily for a moment, then with a slight painful tightening of her lips turned her eyes away.

Hope was stunned. The little gold bangle, her promise, meant nothing.

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"Nothing—nothing," he repeated dully to himself.

Late at night he knelt and prayed. The click of his beads answered the tick of the clock, and both struck into the marrow of his loneliness. He knew now,— yes, he knew too well—what the holy agony was. It did not mean the sorrow of the blind, the diseased, and the maimed, alone. It meant that great universal sorrow which hangs over all, and makes each one dependent on another for sympathy, for food to satisfy the heart-hunger, and for the brotherly hand of friendship when that sorrow swoops down like a storm-cloud and envelops all in melancholy. At last the clink of silver told of prayers ended, and James fell asleep.

The next day Jack Maguire was arrested for violation of the State law. In spite of the fact that a number of students perjured themselves to save him, the dormant interest of the good public

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and majority of the student body was aroused, and a rigid prosecution secured him a sentence of two years in the penitentiary.

Still they held aloof from Hope. Their attitude may perhaps be expressed thus: "Hope no doubt had done perfectly right according to his lights; but he had made himself so awfully conspicuous."

He often saw Jasamine Burton on the campus. But he had a feeling that it must annoy her to be obliged to cut him; so he avoided her as much as possible, to save her the pain of it.

Thanksgiving day at last! Cold and clear it dawns. Hats, canes, flags, and ribbons are furbished up in the morning. Noon trains bring the entire population of neighboring towns into San Francisco, and by one o'clock the bleachers are full. Friends of California and Stanford are ranged on opposite sides.

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Near the middle section on either side are the rooters facing each other, those on California's side wearing blue-and-gold hats and those on Stanford's red. Fiercely they shout their slogans across at one another. Taunts of past years' defeats, hurled in chorus across the grid-iron, meet scorn and wit as keen as that of the senders, and the alumni, with happy faces and fluttering flags, applaud each witty sally of "their boys."

Now the whistle sounds, and the blue-and-gold face the red for the struggle. Again the whistle, and they are off. Now follows a deep silence as the audience breathlessly watches the outcome of the Stanford kick-off and California's return. Hah! the latter's advantage! and their rooters rise as one man and cheer frantically for the team collectively, and individually, too,— for all but Hope. No word of praise for him, though his is the punt that makes the gain.

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The first half is over, and neither side yet scored. At first the Cardinals, from their victory of last year, have the odds, but betting is even now. At the whistle-call for second half the men form and face each other in sullen silence. How evenly matched they are! How alike in proportions is that left tackle of California matched against the right tackle opposite, or that spare, lithe end against his foe! Now California plunges across the line and catches the enemy's full-back before he can return. But see! the half-back in falling loses the ball.

"Hurrah!" shout the California rooters.

"Damnation!" growl the red hats.

Fast following on the seizure of the ball comes the sharp, barking tones of California's quarter-back giving the signal as they take the offensive formation. The ball is passed to Hope and he, springing forward, leaps clear of

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both lines and plunges head first into the arms of Cardinals' backs.

"Well done! Bravo!" shout the alumni. But no word from the rooters.

Now the other half-back takes the ball for the same play. Over he goes into the mass of red shirts. A moment's pause. The Stanford team hustle the enemy at random and the half-back lies stunned on the ground. Then panic seizes the California players. Who has the ball? A howl of rage from the bleachers tells them. Turning they see Stanford's long, lank full-back speeding down the field with the ball. Closely following him is James Hope. There is a tense quiet on both sides of the gridiron. Fifteen yards more and they will have a touch-down. Then a long deep sigh of relief from one side and a groan from the other. Hope has sprung forward, and hurling himself after his fleeing rival, has tackled and thrown the flying man heavily on

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the ten-yard line. The ball rolls out from the full-back's nerveless arms. On his feet in an instant, Hope catches up the ball and turns down the field.

Now ensues one of the finest interference plays ever witnessed on the gridiron. As Hope runs down the field, man after man of the Cardinals is baffled, tripped, or blocked as he tries to tackle. As he speeds by the red-hatted section, scattering cries of "Kill him! Kill him!" are shouted down at him. At last he falls eighteen yards from goal, tackled by the enemy's left end. Meanwhile the coach looks on in astonishment. Never before has he seen such interference. A wild, inarticulate sound bursts from his throat. He dances along the lines, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, crazily murmurs to himself: "Good for you, Charlie! Nobly done, Jack! Throw 'em hard! That's the stuff! Go on Jimmie, for God and your college!"

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Opportunity comes knocking at the door of the California's yell-leader — opportunity for heroship second to Hope's. He looks at the seething parti-colored bank before him where a babel of sounds rises along with hats and canes whirled madly into the air regardless of their landing-place or final recovery. Shall he, or shall he not? Then he catches the eye of Hal Rickstaad, his fraternity brother, which with a menace says he shall not, and he is known thenceforth as Mr. What's-his-name who led the rooters in such-and-such a year.

But the coach strides over to the section with indignation blazing in his face. Seizing the yell-leader's beribboned cane he shouts, "Up, there, every one of you that has a spark of manhood in him! Up and give a man his due! Now!"

And there rose in unison the yell that first greeted Hope when he appeared on the campus gridiron:—

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"Hope! Hope! Jim Hope!
Oh! Stanford has faith
And charity sweet,
But we have Hope
They cannot beat!"

In that yell was voiced for the man the unqualified admiration of the long silent but approving majority, and those of the minority in whom their better nature had triumphed.

But Hope heard and smiled in a way not good to see. Brute courage, of which all could see the trial on the grid-iron, they could applaud; but the trial of his soul's courage which had cost him his one friend in college and his faith in all friendship—that was passed by in silent contempt and misunderstanding.

The game finished with a score of six to nothing in favor of California. While the hubbub of band-playing, cursing and rejoicing, weeping and laughing filled the late hard-fought

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field, with the successful team riding the uncertain shoulders of the rooters at the head of a rude procession, Hope slipped off the backs of his new and ardent friends and made the best of his way to the carriage-stand.

People nudged one another as he passed, and said in undertones, "That 's Hope." Small boys sneaked up behind to touch his rough suit and boast of it next day. Alumni proudly pointed at him and said to visiting strangers, "That 's he; that 's our Jim."

But he went on alone, seeing nor hearing no one. What were his honors compared to the wrong one had done him? "A mere slip of a girl," he thought, trying to contemn himself for feeling so wretchedly about it. But — oh, well — she promised to be his friend and — and failed him in the first storm. She would probably come around to congratulate him now. If she should — and he ground his teeth.

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Suddenly he became conscious that somewhere near him in the throng was that same "mere slip of a girl." It may have been some low note of her voice battling unconsciously through the noisy herd of sounds that apprised him of her presence, or, perhaps, in looking for a carriage, his eye had caught the glint of her brown hair and lost it again. However it was, he knew that she was near him. But then — and he stifled the pain gnawing at his heart — what did it matter? Jasamine no longer recognized him. At that moment he saw her with her mother standing by their carriage at the curb. She bowed. He raised his cap coldly and was passing on, when she pushed toward him. Then he stopped.

"Mr. Hope, I want — Oh, don't look at me in that way! I can't bear it! I — mamma and I want to take you up town in our carriage."

"I thank you, but I have made

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other arrangements," he said with grave bitterness.

"Oh, break them this once, won't you? I know I've failed in my promise, but Hal Rickstaad and others told me a story I could n't but believe. And—and please forgive me, won't you? I—" And she gave a half-fearful glance at the crowd that flowed by on either side of James's stalwart form.

"I 've forgiven you and forgotten you a long time since, Miss Burton. Is that all?"

"Yes, it—it is, I guess. I must tell you, though, that I came to you as soon as I found I was wrong. For I sat next to Professor Conrad this afternoon, and he told me the truth about that Maguire affair. Rickstaad said the faculty hired you to do it, you know. I did n't care anything about your splendid plays. I only thought of the wrong I had done you. But yes—I suppose it 's all I deserve!"

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And then her frightened little words refused to come, and James saw, with sudden contrition, the tears brimming over those great gray eyes; and he said, trying not to be fierce with himself lest he frighten her, "I am a brute, and I lied! I never could forget you. See!" and he pulled out from his shirt that ridiculous little gold bangle.

She laughed with hysterical delight, and said, with an attempt at her old playfulness, "And your arrangements, Sir James, will not permit—"

"Oh, yes, they will," and he forgot all about her being a Senior and a member of the exclusive Amateur Club, and helped the "mere slip of a girl" and her mother into the carriage and rode up town, a very happy man, with his faith in friendship firmly re-established.

He did not know, poor fellow, how sadly, how very sadly it might again be shaken.

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As for Jasamine, she snuggled back into a corner of the carriage and thought over and over how very glad she was that he had not forgotten her, and never could forget her, and had worn her token through the thick of the battle and that glorious run of eighty yards.

That night, as she and her mother sat by the fire and the wind of Thanksgiving night went roaring thanklessly overhead, Jasamine remarked, with a little tremor in her voice, and apropos of nothing in particular, "There is nothing, *nothing* on earth so fine for development of character in men and women as close friendships with the opposite sex."

Her mother smiled and sighed a little, and then replied discreetly, "I suppose you 're right, my dear."

When on New Year's the Sisters of St. Anthony opened a package labeled

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"*For the Confraternity of the Holy Agony*," they found among the silver a gold piece. Such had been the way in which James Hope's forbears had marked some turning-point in their prayerful lives, and on that Thanksgiving night James had followed faithfully the custom of his fathers.

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The Little Maid's Tragedy

By Mary Bell

THE Little Maid timidly followed the teacher down the aisle and took the seat indicated. It was at the back of the room with two rows of girls on her right, and three rows of boys on her left. She wished the boys were not there. She had never known but one, and he was ugly.

The girl in front of her, with big black eyes and curling hair, turned and gazed so steadily at her, that she felt she could not remain in that room another moment. Her eyes appealed to her mother, who was saying a few words of farewell to the teacher.

"I am glad my Little Maid is to

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know other children," she said. "The lack of companions has made her different from most little ones." The mother turned a caressing last glance on her child. She caught the appealing eyes, but she softly closed the door. The Little Maid was in a new world alone.

The teacher called the attention of the class, and announced that the first name on the roll of honor was the same that month as the one before. All eyes turned toward a fair-haired boy who sat first in the last row of seats. The Little Maid could not see his face; but often after the excitement entailed by the reading of the roll had subsided, her earnest blue eyes were fixed on him as he bent over a befigured slate.

He turned at last, and the light leaped into her heart. He was beautiful —but he was not happy. Although he knew more than any other boy or girl in the room, something had made him very sad. His mother must be dead.

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For a long time she was unconscious that the Boy was returning her gaze, and when her eyes fell a strange feeling came to her.

She looked up in a little while to see if he were looking. At the same instant and with the same hope he turned. The Little Maid quickly opened her book, and she dared not lift her eyes until recess. She marched out with the other children, but the Boy stayed to correct papers. He was monitor.

Their eyes met again that day. He smiled, and in response a mist blinded her. He made her feel as she did when her beloved little pony died.

She knew his presence when she entered the room next morning. Twice during the day they glanced at each other at the same time. The next morning there was a flower on her desk. She did not look at him, but he saw her blush. The next day she joined the rest of the class in their exercises,

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and passed her papers in to be corrected. They came back to her marked "Perfect." She was very glad. She did not want him to think her stupid. The teacher explained the examples after the papers were returned, and she found the monitor had made a mistake; for two of the examples marked as correct had different answers from those the teacher said they should have. She looked at the Boy, but he turned away quickly, and she felt something pull at her heart. She did not know what to do. The teacher would give her credits she should not have; but if she told, perhaps they would not let the Boy be monitor any more. She knew he was good, and he would not do it again. He did it that once to let her know that he liked her—and she tore up her paper quickly. Then she was ashamed—ashamed for herself and the Boy.

She was marked "Perfect" again next

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day. Three of her examples were wrong. She tried to tell her mother, but could not. If the Boy had not helped her steal the credits she would have asked to be forgiven, but she did not want him punished; and, as she lay awake in her little bed, she remembered his sad eyes and thought again that perhaps he had no mother, and did not know it was wrong to cheat.

She studied desperately, so that she would not make a mistake, but she was behind the class in arithmetic, and it was her most difficult study.

Then she grew so anxious and nervous that she failed oftener; and once, a thousand times worse than all, she saw the paper of the girl in front and copied the example. There was one excuse. She wanted to lift part of the load of sin from the Boy, even at the expense of doubling her own. When the papers were collected, she

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hid her face, for it seemed to her that the Right was something with a thousand eyes, and that they were all looking at her.

If she could only speak to him! But he, being monitor, always remained in his seat when the other children were obliged to march from the room. He never came to her; she dared not go to him.

At last the black-eyed girl in front discovered the sin. At first she laughed and teased until the Little Maid thought she would die of mortification. Then she appeared shocked and talked of honor. The black-eyed girl told some of the other girls, and they threatened to tell the teacher; but the Little Maid was so terrified and begged them so piteously not to tell that they relented on condition that a note be written to the Boy, demanding that he correct her papers as he did the others. Her problems came back all

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marked wrong. Then, oh then, a new pain came to her. He was a very wicked Boy. Three examples were right, and he had been cruel to her. She tried not to look at him once that day, but his eyes appealed so for forgiveness that at last she smiled.

What a throb of joy came to her, when once again her paper was handed back to her marked "Perfect"! The favors of the beautiful Boy were dearer to her than the possession of a clear conscience.

Every day brought her a new pleasure as well as regret. There were flowers in her desk, or a tiny basket filled with bon-bons, or a few lines of childish verse; and yet he did not come to her, and she was too timid to go to him.

She had been at school six weeks. One morning she went very early. She would get there before any one else, and when he came she would tell him they must be good and not cheat any more.

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He was standing beside her desk, laying a bunch of forget-me-nots upon her books. She paused in the door and watched him with flushed face, and when he turned to move away, she tried to go to him. Then he began to walk, and oh! she saw that he was crippled. Her eyes, dark and startled, followed him. One little limb was shriveled and dragged on the floor. When the Little Maid fully realized the truth, she gave a pitiful cry, and the Boy dropped suddenly into a seat. Then he saw her, and to his pale face the blood rushed. Ashamed, heart-broken, his head fell upon his arms, and the Little Maid slowly went to her desk.

The Little Maid's mother decided that public-school life was not making her child happier or wiser, and she at last came to take her away. The other children had all left the room, and they were awaiting the return of the teacher to tell her good-by. The Little Maid

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stood at the window watching. He came at last from the door beneath her — the Boy with the beautiful face and sad eyes — the Boy who had stolen credits for her, and who had made her feel very, very naughty.

He looked up! For a moment he met her gaze — so full of pity and question, and then with bent head he dragged out of sight.

"How beautiful that lame boy is!" the mother said. But she was looking at the Little Maid, who lifted her startled eyes. Two great tears slipped from the lashes.

"Does my Little Maid weep because she cannot understand life's mysteries?" said the mother gently, as she put her arms around her child; and from the little heart so full of pain there came a long, broken sob.

"I don't like to live," whispered the Little Maid, "because I don't know what to do!"

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The Fate of the Four

By Centennia Barto

THERE is a strange bit of history preserved in the archives of the Sicard family. The Sicards are an old bourgeois family whose generous income from the Funds accounts for their magnificent old palace on the Rue St. Honoré. But several generations back, before the Sicards had emerged from obscurity, in the days of the tricolored cockade, you might find in the list "*Citoyens Intègres de la République*" the name of St. Etienne Sicard. St. Etienne is the one truly tragic figure of this otherwise commonplace family, and the little bourgeois Sicards of today, when goaded to join in the mod-

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ern ancestor chase, seize eagerly upon the name of St. Etienne, martyr of the Napoleonic régime. Yet they dare not claim for themselves all that history could give in connection with this deified ancestor—the times are not yet ripe. Yet St. Etienne Sicard well-nigh changed the map of Europe; his star once threatened the ascending Napoleon's, only Josephine—poor, sinned against, if sinning, Josephine—preserved, unwittingly and blunderingly, it is true, the hand that later ostracized her. But this startling bit of history has been till now jealously guarded in the Sicard archives. The whole story in its dramatic details was transmitted as a sacred legacy through three generations, and at last came to light through the loquacity of an eavesdropping servant. We give it here, stripped of much of its tragic setting.

It was in December of 1801, the year of the Concordat. The ruined

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hotel of the de Cambacérès family spoke eloquently of the ravages of the Revolution—for though Napoleon had recalled all noble *emigrés* from exile, yet the vast silent rooms, despoiled of their draperies and art treasures, still had no occupant. The de Cambacérès were almost extinct now; the Comte and his four sons had all made their last ceremonious bow in the world—to Madame Guillotine. None had escaped. The private hatred of Citoyen Victor Lavalette had kept the dangerous eye of the republic upon them till the extermination was complete. As for Hélène de Cambacérès, it was rumored that her pale, beautiful face had been seen once on the Champs Elysées, but whether she had really returned to Paris, where she had witnessed the frightful scene of the butchery of all nearest her, or was still an exile in England, no one could say. A former servant of the great house

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swore that he had seen Hélène going hurriedly on foot in one of the most wretched environs of Paris, miserably clad and without an attendant. He was sure it was she, despite the attenuation of a face and figure once famous in all Paris.

The Hotel de Cambacérès had witnessed great reverses. A few proud portraits, saber-rent, remaining from fifteen generations of French nobility, stared sternly upon a bourgeois collection of *citoyens*, who, by a grim irony, met under this aristocratic roof to discuss plans for furthering the welfare of the republic. The heavy oaken table, around which Louis XV. and his courtiers had often glittered in gold lace and priceless fripperies of jewels; that stately ceiling which had echoed to the airy laughter of the beautiful de Pompadour and her wanton court—these mute witnesses of the old careless revelry now beheld a jostling throng of

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hoarse-throated *bourgeoisie*, fierce and voluble, clamoring for "*Egalité et la République*," their coarse fists mauling the heavy oak in denunciation of the dangerous pretensions of the First Consul.

But beyond the mere general braggadocio, there were oftentimes men of earnest purpose and true patriotic motive. To these Napoleon's rapid rise was a cause of serious alarm, and their fanatic devotion to the republic made them dangerous enemies.

On a December night of 1801, four men admitted themselves quietly to the Hotel de Cambacérès. Silently they seated themselves at the huge oaken table in the long dining-hall. A single flickering taper with sickly rays cast their faces in half light, half gloom, but it was sufficient to reveal St. Etienne Sicard, young patriot and "*Citoyen Intègre de la République*," and his three companions, Victor Lavalette, Adrien

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Duchesnois, and Eugene Mastignac. Even the crafty eyes of Lavalette showed an unwonted solemnity, and the pale boyish face of Eugene Mastignac was marked with a shrinking fear. Adrien Duchesnois alone still preserved his mocking smile; the recklessness that made him hesitate at no hazard, or even crime, gave him a certain air of superiority now over even St. Etienne. St. Etienne was one of those tragic souls who work their own ruin by a desperate resort to evil means to secure a noble end. And now from his very heart he shrank from the work there was for him to do.

"Your plans, St. Etienne?" Lavalette demanded with impatient eagerness. His cruel eyes were feverishly anxious, and his wrinkled hands trembled with a distressing rat-tat-tat on the polished oak. Adrien Duchesnois noted the movement with a scornful smile. He turned to St. Etienne.

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"And I," he asked, grimly facetious, "what is my role in this little tragedy—the poison-bowl or the knife?" As he spoke, he seized his blade from his belt and with a suggestive gesture plunged it viciously into the oak, where it gleamed, quivering.

Mastignac paled, and gave an involuntary shriek. Duchesnois laughed aloud at the success of his trick. "We seem to be either in our dotage," glancing at Lavalette's trembling hands, "or womanish cowards," he said meaningly at Mastignac.

"Enough," broke in St. Etienne, decisively. "Adrien, you would trifle on the brink of the grave. Why, Victor! What now?"

Lavalette was gazing with strained eyeballs at a door in the gloom beyond.

"It moved! I saw it move!" he gasped hoarsely.

"Ah, the avenging spirit of the old Comte de Cambacérès, Lavalette!" It

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was the mocking insinuation of Duchesnois.

St. Etienne hastily arose.

"It must be Courreau. Our new *citoyen*, you remember. He was to join us to-night." And striding the length of the hall, he threw back the door, disclosing a solitary figure standing rigidly. There was a whispered watchword, and the two advanced again to the table. The light revealed a tall, slender youth with deep-sunken, burning eyes. He bore their sharp scrutiny unflinchingly, and seemed to accept at once a position in the background.

"And now," began St. Etienne with a deep breath, "to our evening's work. You have seen to the placing of our men in the Tuileries, Duchesnois?"

"Yes! Grandet is now the only obstacle to an entrance to the Consul's private apartments. But he is an obstinate devil."

"Then he must die. I think I have

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wormed myself sufficiently into Josephine's confidence to have her sign him to the guillotine to-morrow. Here are the forgeries to prove him a traitor. Poor honest Grandet! And then — perhaps to-morrow night — France is free again!" St. Etienne's eyes glistened with patriotic fervor.

"And who — who will — do *it?*" Mastignac seemed to gaze in fascinated horror at some awful inward vision.

"For that," answered St. Etienne gravely, "we must draw lots." And amid dead silence, broken only by the rustling of the papers he was tearing into strips, he prepared to put the knife into the hand that was to rid France of her tyrant. Breathlessly each drew his slip from St. Etienne's firm fingers.

Duchesnois looked for the fatal cross on his, saw a blank, and blew it from him with a laugh. The spasm of relief on Lavalette's face announced the result to him. "Daggers are not becoming

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to old women," commented Duchesnois.

"Now, Eugene, courage!—it is for France," St. Etienne whispered. The trembling fingers closed over the paper.

"Tell me — I can't look," he said with dry lips, after futile attempts to open its folds. But the dagger was not for him.

But two remained. All turned instinctively to Courreau, who seemed dazed at the closeness of Fate. Mechanically he put out his hand — lo, the fatal cross!

At that intense moment, suddenly all became aware of Lavalette's long, bony finger pointing mutely at Courreau —

"That hand, that ring! It is a traitor!"

He was gazing as if fascinated at the small white hand of Courreau on which glistened a beautiful white diamond. At the word "traitor," each leaped to his feet. There was the metallic sound of swords drawn from scabbards.

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"That is no bourgeois hand," Lavalette screamed shrilly—"vile aristocrat! It is a spy of the *emigrés* or Napoleon —a spy, I say! We are ruined!" His sword swung out, only to clash with the blade of Courreau, who stood desperately defying them all. Blood streamed from Lavalette's right hand. Maddened at the sight, and confused by the sudden disclosure of the mine at their feet, all rushed to the onset. Courreau fell mortally wounded.

"Cowards! Canaille! Thus you fight —four against one, and that one—a *woman!*"

The four conspirators, disordered and still uncomprehending all but the danger threatening them, looked about fearfully, expecting a trap.

"Yes, a woman,—you hear? It is Hélène, the last of the de Cambacérès!"

The conspirators stared stupidly. Lavalette grew ashy pale. He watched the proud defiance melt from the dying

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eyes, as the piteous hopelessness of her cruel fate overcame her.

"Thou God," she appealed, "must I die now, and none to avenge the murder of my father and my brothers!" In the agony of these thoughts she fell back gasping. The body relaxed and was still.

The suddenness of it all paralyzed the conspirators. But the great tragedy of this beautiful girl was meaningless in the face of their own danger.

"Quick! the others may be near. We must get out of this cursed house."

Duchesnois rushed to the door. But Lavalette stood stonily transfixed. "The last of the de Cambacérès," he muttered mechanically. Then a great fear stole over his face.

"Duchesnois, I see it! I see our doom! It is fated that we shall all die by the hand of a woman —"

"Superstitious fool, save your skin while you can. We must escape —"

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"It is hopeless if it is a plot, Adrien," said St. Etienne quietly. "But you heard her last words? She was alone, I think. I shall present myself at the Tuileries to-morrow as if nothing had happened. Do you meet me at my house to-morrow night at nine, all of you. And now we had best go."

Silently they stole from the ghostly house,— St. Etienne with a deep regret for the tragic deed of that strange night, with shame in his heart and a foreboding of the future. And the cold form of Hélène de Cambacérès, the last of her name, lay dead in the hall of her ancestors.

The afternoon of the next day the loungers in the gardens of the Tuileries noted a youth passing impatiently up and down, seemingly without purpose, and in deep agitation. It was Eugene Mastignac awaiting the result of St. Etienne's interview with Josephine. The thousand perils that threatened

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them, the thoughts that the conspiracy might be known to their powerful enemies, and that even now St. Etienne might be a prisoner, that he had walked into the trap set for him—these fears surged through his heart, and he turned sick with apprehension and suspense.

But St. Etienne was safe. He came up quickly, pressed Eugene's hand without a word, and silently they made their way to the Seine at the Pont Royal. His mission had been successful. Josephine had been very gracious to this handsome bourgeois Sicard, had coquetted with him, and, finding him somewhat cold, she had the more quickly written and dispatched the fatal order to consign Grandet to the guillotine that night at eleven. St. Etienne breathed more fully when he saw the jeweled pen fly over the paper, and the order handed instantly to a guard to be put into execution.

And now there was nothing to do

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but to wait. They would watch from St. Etienne's room in the Rue Vanneau for the guard to come to remove Grandet, who lived just below—then the way would be clear.

So the four conspirators began their weary vigil, gazing fixedly down the street for the appearance of the gendarmes. They could hear the unconscious Grandet moving about below, preparing his humble meal. An hour and a half had dragged out its length, when there was a sharp knock at the door of the *concierge*. There were muffled tones of conversation and heavy steps on the creaking stair. The door was flung abruptly open and the *concierge* announced that this was the apartment of Citoyen Sicard.

"Ah, you wish to know if the Grandet you see lives here?" asked St. Etienne of the gendarmes in the doorway.

"We wish no Grandet. Our orders

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are for Citoyen Sicard," was the abrupt response.

"A summons from Citoyenne Josephine?"

"An order of the Citoyenne Josephine. We are to seize and deliver to execution at eleven this night a St. Etienne Sicard. You are he."

"I do not understand," stammered St. Etienne, paling. "You have made some mistake. It is Grandet, St. Etienne Grandet, you mean." Yet the frightful suspicion of treachery grew strong within him.

"Here are our orders, Citoyen Sicard."

There was no mistaking the hand of Josephine. It was the paper he had seen her write that afternoon. The name "St. Etienne Sicard" was clear and firm.

"We are betrayed!" Big drops of cold perspiration stood on his brow. Helplessly he allowed his hands to be fettered.

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The other three knew resistance was useless. Their ruin was upon them. Eugene Mastignac threw himself at the feet of the stolid gendarmes, and uttered wild words of entreaty for the life of St. Etienne. They pushed him roughly aside and dragged the prisoner down the stair. As the door closed behind him, St. Etienne heard a shriek and a fall. It was Eugene Mastignac, who had fainted.

When Eugene opened his eyes again he found himself alone with Duchesnois. There was a look in Duchesnois' face before which Eugene trembled.

"I see you understand," he said significantly over the prostrate form. "The game is up for us all, Mademoiselle Eugénie Mastignac, and especially for you."

"For me?" The vague question was simply to gain time.

"Yes, for you. I know you. I know why you became one of us. Is

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all womankind to go masquerading nowadays?" Duchesnois pointed significantly at the trim figure in its ill-fitting clothes. Eugénie looked wildly about for some avenue of escape from this tormentor.

"Yes, we are alone. Your St. Etienne has gone to become a saint in reality. Ah, that touches you. How you must have loved him!" Then for a deeper thrust: "And he did not know—now he will *never* know!"

A great wave of desolation swept over her soul. But one idea possessed her—to rush to St. Etienne and to make his death sweeter by the knowledge of the love of one humble being. Then she could die. She rose, swaying, to her feet.

"Not so fast, my fair Eugénie." An arm barred her progress. A dread of this strong, mocking man made her pitiably brave.

"How dare you keep me!"—she

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struggled fiercely in his grasp. But the contest had aroused all the dormant animal within him — Eugénie's strength was rapidly failing.

"Let me go, or I will kill you!" she gasped.

The bells pealed the hour of eleven.

St. Etienne is dead! The bells tolled solemnly.

Despair seized Eugénie. In a moment it was over. The dagger gave two quick thrusts. The morning light found the rigid bodies of Duchesnois and Eugénie, stained with each other's blood.

Death at a woman's hand! Was Lavalette's prophetic vision coming to pass?

And Lavalette? He had fled like a haunted thing, dreading to look before or behind. He must get beyond this cruel Paris, the city of hateful eyes. And then? To starve? Perhaps it was the sight of his injured hand that

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suggested it—like a flash came the vision of the stone on Hélène du Cambacérès' rotting hand. It meant life and safety. Creeping along the shadows of the Rue St. Dominique, he came to the deserted hotel. Noiselessly he entered. There was his ghoulish work.

The history of the conspirators is complete with two items, gleaned, first, from the official city reports, and from Hector Vilibert, private guard to Josephine. In the list of the morgue unfortunates of the year 1801 is the name of one Victor Lavalette, found dead in the Hotel de Cambacérès; cause of death, blood-poisoning. Few compilers of dreary statistics realize the tragedy behind that commonplace record.

Hector Vilibert testified that having reported to Josephine the satisfactory execution of the traitor St. Etienne Sicard, she had reviled him in angry words, ordering him to the guillotine

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for his blunder, and it was only by showing her own handwriting that he was exculpated from the consequences of Josephine's careless substitution of the name St. Etienne Sicard for that of St. Etienne Grandet.

Were these instruments of Fate—the dead hand of Hélène de Cambacérès, and the unwitting fingers of Josephine?

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A Matter of State

By Richard Walton Tully

IT is n't every summer that a fellow gets the chance to visit Central America, or at least to sail along its coast. I must confess that I was delighted when the opportunity to do this dropped, as it seemed, into my hands a week after college closed. Captain Weston said I would be welcome to go along on the *Benito* to Panama and back. The Pater agreed that it would be an excellent thing for my chest, which my relatives in congress assembled had decided was not sufficiently developed, in spite of my three years of drill. So I went.

Now that I think it over, it does n't matter much why I went or what I expected to do. What really should be

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noted is that I occupied state-room 63, and occupied it alone. When I placed my name on the passenger-list, I had noticed that I was to have as a room-mate a person named Banks—James K. Banks. But when the steamer had slipped out of the Gate and I had decided that I did not think much of the motion of the vessel anyway, I found, on retiring to my room, that Banks, J. K., as aforesaid, was not within, nor were his goods, nor anything that was his. As a result, I had the entire apartment to myself during the whole of the voyage.

There is n't much happens on a steamer, even if one wishes to describe such things—and I don't. My memory of the trip down the coast consists of a confused mixture of swishing winds, hot, broiling calms, wet, sudden thunder-storms, and the smell of greasy cooking. The one pleasurable experience of the trip was purely social.

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After we left San Diego, I was able to appear at my place at the table. In scanning my fellow passengers, I noticed at the other side of the table, some distance to my left, a young lady whose face seemed familiar to me. As she caught my eye later, she smiled and bowed slightly. Of course, I bowed; but I must have shown that I was endeavoring to recall her name, for her smile broadened to a laugh, which quickly sobered to a severely mischievous look straight to the front. Then I remembered where I had seen that splendid profile before. It was Dolores Anguiana of my "Prep" school days at St. Mark's down at San Mateo, with whom I had danced half the numbers that night in old Trinity Hall, when I had graduated with her brother. I was no longer in doubt; no one could mistake those clear black eyes with their great curved lashes, that roguish chin, or that delicate olive skin.

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I went over to her after I had finished my meal and dropped into a vacant chair beside her.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot, Miss Dolores?" I asked.

"You should answer that question yourself, Mr. Malcom," she answered. "You did n't know me. Now, confess you did n't." And she smiled knowingly.

"I 'll not pretend that I did. But you have changed; you are not so—so—"

"Much of a kid, as Miguel says. Is that it? Well, it 's the worry of official life." And she tried to look serious. "But pardon me," she continued, "this is Señora Cienfuegos. You have heard of General Cienfuegos."

I confessed that I had, and in return the ladies informed me that he had remained in San Francisco "on special government business," instead of re-

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turning with them to Guataragua. "And so," concluded Señorita Dolores pathetically, "we had to return alone on this horrid, stupid boat."

"Not so, indeed, with such charming passengers," I ventured gallantly.

The Señora sniffed and her companion colored slightly as she replied, "I see you have lost none of your propensity to flatter." I was glad to see, however, that she looked pleased.

It was evening, when we were pacing along the deck in the brisk wind that was blowing, that I asked her what my old friend Anguiana had been doing since he left school.

"Don't you know?" said the Señorita, as she caught her wide hat to prevent its blowing away into the darkness. "Why, Miguel is in the Government House at Manaqua—he's Secretary of State under President Cabanas."

And then I remembered the reports from the south of the overthrowing of

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the last government and its dictator, General Darrios, who had gone to the United States to raise a filibustering expedition to retrieve his fallen fortunes.

I was n't pleased to learn that my old friend was mixed up in the kaleidoscopic politics of those despotisms which call themselves republics; and I so expressed myself.

"Sorry? I sorry?" she said, drawing herself up proudly. "Indeed I 'm not. Do you know why he is there? Because he must revenge the death of my father. Miguel is no coward." And she launched forth into a bitter discussion of the political troubles of Guataragua.

I confess I did not care particularly to hear of the petty doings of this toy republic, and would have much preferred the pleasanter subject of my boarding-school days; but once her spirit was aroused, I was compelled

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to listen to the Señorita's description of the condition of affairs in that country.

Darrios had caused her father to be assassinated for suspected treason, and his estates had been confiscated. She and Miguel had been at school in the States, and so had escaped the general proceedings against the family that had been carried on with all the refined cleverness of the Inquisition. At last Miguel had landed secretly and joined General Cienfuegos, who had induced the army to revolt. In the revolution which followed, Miguel had proved himself a good soldier, and when Darrios had been expelled he had been given the office of Secretary of State.

"And now," concluded the Señorita enthusiastically, "our party is in full control. We have the army, the foreigners, and most of the upper classes. You know the Indians and Mestizos don't count."

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"But," I said, "how long will you keep control?"

"Oh, it shall be permanent this time," she said smilingly; that 's why General Cienfuegos stayed behind. It was to stop Darrios from sending aid to his followers. Without it they will soon disappear. It is only necessary for us to control Manaqua to hold the entire country. We can do that with the army."

In my mind I had a doubt as to the loyalty of the average Central American army, but I did not disturb the girl by voicing my sentiments. Instead, I talked of the past, and endeavored to begin my friendship with her again from where I had left off three years before.

The night before we were to reach Manaqua, I stood with Dolores in the shelter of a ventilator-pipe. She was quiet, and I also was far from happy, as

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her company had been more than agreeable, and I was anticipating a very dull voyage after she had gone ashore. I mentioned the fact to her, and, although it may have been irrelevant, I stated that at the very first I had been deprived of a companion in my roommate, Banks, who had never appeared.

To my surprise she gave a hearty laugh and said, "Of course he did n't," immediately subsiding, and refusing to say more about the missing man, whom she evidently knew.

It was rather late, and while I was saying my farewell to the Señorita she suddenly pointed forward and off to the left where several dim lights showed faintly.

"That is Manaqua," she said. "Some day, if you care to visit us, we shall be pleased to welcome you as our guest. Good-by."

As she turned I caught her extended hand and pressed a kiss upon her fin-

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gers in true cavalier fashion before she could withdraw them. She gave me one last look, not in the least displeased, and vanished within, while I strolled to my room wondering what she knew about the absent Banks.

It was a stuffy night; so I left my door ajar and turned in. I had slept several hours when I awoke to realize that one of the sudden rains of the tropics had come up and was driving into the room. I arose to close the door, and was about to do so when I heard a voice say, "This is 62—the next is 63." After this followed a conversation in Spanish, which I could barely follow with all my grouping on Romance languages. The men—there were several of them—were hunting for my room.

I resolved to retain the small sum of money which I possessed as tenaciously as possible; so I closed the door and reached under my pillow for

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my revolver. Instead of trying to enter, however, those outside knocked loudly on the door.

"Who's there?" I asked sleepily.

"You are wanted immediately," a voice answered.

"Who wants me?"

"The Captain. Hurry up!"

In a second I had passed the matter through my mind. It was impossible for any one to commit violence on a boat of this kind. But perhaps Captain Weston needed my help for some purpose. I quickly pulled on my clothes, and jamming my hat on my head and my pistol into my pocket, I went outside. Three men stood in the shelter of the wall to escape the rain, which was coming down in a drizzle.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"On the wharf," answered the man who spoke English. "Come!"

While I followed the men to the

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bow of the boat, I made out in the blackness of the night that the steamer was lying at a small wharf which projected out from an inky mass of land that rose to a considerable height in the distance. To the right was another sooty streak, and so I judged that we were in a bay. The red steamer-lights and the white lantern on the wharf showed out dimly.

We went to the front and down the gang-plank to the wharf. I felt a certain misgiving, but this vanished when I saw a figure waiting for us. Then my spirits fell again as I saw it was not Captain Weston.

The man who spoke English called ahead, "Here he is, Captain."

The "Captain" advanced, and raising his hand to his cap, said distinctly, "Lieutenant Banks, I believe."

I am not sure, but I think it was the three years of carrying a musket over the Berkeley hills that made me instinct-

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ively return the salute. That action was my undoing. "Captain" took my action for an affirmative answer, and turning on his heel, said: "We were waiting for you; come on. Pedro, if any one tries to stop us, shoot him down like a dog!"

Who "we" were, I was at a loss to comprehend. One thing was certain, however,—with Pedro on the lookout behind, it was safer for me to go forward than to hesitate. So I marched in silence between the men down the long wharf. We then climbed up the dark, silent street, splashing along the winding way through mud-puddles and ruts left by the native carts. As I walked along, I tried to solve the riddle of my position. I was evidently a Lieutenant Banks—undoubtedly an American, from the name—for whom "we" had been waiting. That Banks was not known personally was evident but not certain. I hefted the revolver in my pocket,

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and decided that the situation was exhilarating, at any rate.

Two men behind me were talking in Spanish. The trend of their conversation was lost amid imprecations at the falling rain. The "Captain" turned and in Spanish told them to be silent. Then he said to me abruptly, "How is he?"

"Oh, as well as could be expected," I answered coolly.

"Did he send any money?"

Of that I was certain. "No!" I answered shortly.

The men behind me broke out anew with maledictions. "Captain" uttered an oath. "I suppose he'll bring it with him—the beast!"

"I suppose so," I answered imperturbably.

Further conversation was cut short as the leader dived through the thick foliage that lined the road and approached a low, pale-looking house of two stories

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that was set back from the road. Around the frames of the windows narrow streaks of light showed that some one was stirring within.

At this point the spirit of adventure had nearly died out within me. I wished myself well out of the matter. However, there seemed no other course but to enter. The door swung open, and "Captain" passed within and stood waiting for me. In the light of the room I saw his face for the first time. It was an extremely villainous one, and the other men were a hard-looking set.

I glanced about. I found myself in a rectangular room which occupied about one-half of the lower floor, and was meagerly furnished, after the manner of tropical houses. At one side a lighted candle burned on the table. In the farther corner I could see several men sleeping on the floor.

The "Captain" gave a low shout, and from above came the sound of per-

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sons moving about. The men on the floor turned sleepily, but arose on finding the cause of the disturbance. They came up and looked at me curiously. "El Gringo Capitan!" they ejaculated, and appeared rather pleased to see me.

Then I guessed that they were my friends,— or at least Banks's friends,— and I smiled into their ugly faces. The noise above increased, and, after sounds of persons coming downstairs, a dozen or more half-breeds entered through the door which evidently led to the next room. I was now surrounded by a score of men. "Captain" pointed to a chair in the middle of the room. "Lieutenant Banks," he said, "tell us what says General Darrios."

Solved! Darrios — Banks — it all became clear. These men took me for a revolutionary emissary. I was thinking very rapidly as I mounted the rude rostrum. "I must know first what you have done in the General's

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absence," I said, looking steadily at "Captain."

The latter burst out with an oath. "Curse them! they 're riding it higher than ever. But we 've done everything that he wrote us to do. To-night the revolt will start. All depends on securing success at first. We 'll knife the leaders, and in the confusion seize the treasury. Then about half the army will come over, and we 'll proclaim Darrios dictator at the plaza and overawe the town. When will the General arrive in his yacht?"

A murmur went up as "Captain" finished. Every eye was now turned toward me. I saw that there was a fine chance for some tall argumentation that you don't find in books.

In my speech that followed I must have filled the bill, for they seemed satisfied. I located Darrios in his yacht only a day's journey off, and assured them that he would be present

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to rule over the new government. I closed with a beautiful peroration of fireworks and patriotism, and ended with a flourish.

The men were pleased, but "Captain" looked slightly sour. He jumped upon the chair I had vacated. "Vasquez! Vasquez!" they cried. I saw he was popular with his men. He spoke to them rapidly in Spanish. He said they did n't want any cursed Gringo talk; they were going to act. Pedro he delegated with ten men to take the treasury. He would go with the remainder to the Government House.

"Remember," he said, "your General is coming back to redeem your country from the hands of the thieves into which it has fallen. Go back to your homes, but come here to-night before you go to your stations. When the signal comes from the Government House, do what you have been told to do. But remember,"—and his eyes

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flashed wickedly,—"no one must touch the vaults until I come. Go!"

The men filed out, and I noted mechanically that it had cleared up. Vasquez walked toward me insolently and bowed low.

"Perhaps the Lieutenant would like to finish his sleep," he said.

I should have liked to punch his ugly face, but I simply nodded and followed him across the room into another and up a flight of stairs to the floor above. In the corner was a cot. He motioned to it. "Sleep well, for there 's lots of work to do to-night."

"Perhaps there 'll be more than you think," I thought, as I listened to his retreating footsteps; for it is needless to say that I had determined to escape and warn the Anguianas at all hazards. Then I commenced to examine the room, and it took me only a short time to find out that I could not escape from it but in one way, and that was

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the one by which I had entered. There were no windows, and the tiles were fastened solidly to the roof and walls of heavy logs. Nowhere was there a space over three inches wide between the logs.

I sat down on the edge of the cot and thought. I still had my pistol, and I judged that perhaps a bold dash might carry me through the men downstairs. I thought it over again. Then I took off my shoes and crept to the head of the stairs. Below I could hear Vasquez giving orders to his men. "Watch that cursed Gringo upstairs," he was saying; "I don't trust them. We'll use him to-night, and then—" I heard a slightly audible sound.

The "better part of valor" decided me not to make the attempt immediately; so I retired to the cot to await a more favorable time. It was well for me that I did so; for on going down to meals a little later, I found that they

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always kept a man with a gun guarding the doorway.

While I ate with the men at the greasy table, I found out the complete plans for the night. Vasquez told me that there was to be a ball in the Government House in honor of the return of "that damned animal, Anguiana's sister." All the men would attend unarmed. At the appointed time he would stab President Cabanas and make away with Anguiana. I was to be waiting outside with the men, and at this juncture was to rush in with them and hold the occupants of the room prisoners until he returned from the treasury, and then — The sinister smile that spread over his face told me how much mercy his victims might expect from him.

Shortly before eight o'clock, I examined my pistol and found it in good condition. I had figured that Vasquez would come up to call me, and I was

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resolved to try the resort of the successful romantic hero and compel him to change clothes with me; after which I would walk downstairs and through his men. But Vasquez only knocked on the wall and shouted, "Come on," as he went down.

I saw that my only hope of warning my friends was at the scene of action, and I went down. Vasquez pointed at a sword that was lying on the table. I buckled it on.

"Have you a pistol?" he asked.

"No."

"Then take this," and he shoved a small revolver into my hands.

We started out again down the dark roadway toward the lights of the town. It was very clear. I could see the vacant wharf below and vaguely wondered what Captain Weston had thought of my disappearance.

We reached the grounds about the Government House in a roundabout

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way by the Indian adobe houses. It was brilliantly lighted within. We took up our position in the shadow of the trees near the door. Vasquez left us, and I saw him go up the steps with a smile on his sneering countenance. Above us was a portico that was on the level of the ballroom floor. I could hear the faint strains of an overture which told me that the dance had not yet commenced. In a moment I had decided on my course of action.

"See here," I said, turning to one of the men, "we can't see when to act here. I 'll climb up and give you the signal from the portico."

The man looked at me suspiciously and hesitated.

"I 'll go through the window and join you when you rush the door," I said angrily. "Do you think that I am trying to run away?"

The fellow grinned uneasily, but I did not waste further time with him, for

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every moment was precious. I commenced to scale one of the posts, and as I went up I expected every moment to feel a knife in my back. I went higher, and then I knew that I was safe, for they would not dare shoot until the appointed time.

The music had stopped, and I heard the hum of conversation. Perhaps I should be too late! Another foot, and I swung over the railing of the balcony just as the orchestra struck up a march.

Through a window I could see the procession had formed and was coming down the middle of the room. At its head was a small dark man with gray hair and a blue ribbon across his breast. Clinging to his arm was Dolores Anguiana. Behind him was Miguel, with another fair girl; and directly across the hall from me was Vasquez, leaning against the wall. I noticed that he held one wrist crooked, as if concealing some-

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thing up the sleeve of his brilliantly faced uniform.

The march proceeded down the room and around toward Vasquez. At this juncture I attempted to raise a window, but found it fastened on the inside. A second more and I saw Vasquez dart at the elder man, who led the march.

I can not describe exactly just what happened. I know I went through the window at a jump and landed on the floor in a heap. Vasquez had struck the old man down, but turned to see what had caused the crash before he struck at Anguiana.

For a moment there was silence. Then a scream went up just as I fired at Vasquez.

I did not stop to see the result of my shot; for I heard the trample of men ascending the front stairs, and I sprang toward the door to meet them. Up they came with a rush, filling the air with curses. From the shelter of a

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stone pillar I commenced a fusillade in their faces. They returned my fire as they came. I heard the bullets whistle by me; and as they faltered and began to turn, I felt some one pinch my arm. One last shot, and what was left of the beggars took to their heels and vanished into the dark.

Behind me the uproar still continued. I threw away my empty revolvers and drew my sword. To the left two bodies lay close together on the floor; and advancing across the hall was Miguel Anguiana with a seam of red down the side of his face. The women had fled to the other side of the room; the men were coming behind Miguel toward me.

"Tom!" he shouted.

"Quick!" I answered, saluting him with my sword. "Ten men are attacking the treasury! I—I—" and then he began to dance a sort of jig; the room began to turn at the strangest sort of angles; the pinching of my arm

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made the screaming of the women fade into a sort of melancholy chant and gradually die away into a murmur.

I found that the wound was only slight when I awoke to contemplate my arm. I was lying in a white bed in a room trimmed in green and gold. I sat up in a dazed way and tried to recall what had happened. In the next room some one was singing softly, and, to attract attention, I coughed.

It was Dolores that entered, and she smiled when I asked, "How did it come out?"

"Everything is quiet," she answered. "Miguel is now in control of everything. He was proclaimed Provisional President this morning."

"And Vasquez?"

"Dead."

"His men?"

"Dead."

"The treasury?"

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"Safe."

"And I—"

"You will be our guest for some time to come, I hope."

"Then the revolution—"

"Is entirely over."

And so it was. When I went out the next day, everything was peaceful and quiet. That night I sat in Manuel's room and talked it over with him. He was exceedingly happy over his new-found powers, and had his head bandaged.

"Malcom," he said, "you saved my life, and I want you to understand that anything you wish in Guataragua is yours for the asking. What do you say to Secretary of State?"

I looked at him in amazement. Then I laughed. "To be stabbed in the back next week," I added.

"No, Tom; you're wrong there," he returned. "It's true that the people don't care much for the Gringos, as they

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call you; but you 'll be safe enough here, now that Vasquez is out of the way. Besides Cienfuegos has ended all of Darrios's schemes in Frisco."

"And Banks?"

"Drunk and aboard a liner bound for China. That 's why he did n't appear to claim his berth. Come! What do you say?"

I told him to let me think it over, as I was rather upset by the suddenness of his offer. It is n't every day that a fellow is appointed Secretary of State of a republic, be it ever so small. I wandered out into the darkness, leaving him to talk over matters of state with an attaché who came in.

I walked along the portico. The air was heavy and thick. Not a breath was stirring. Below, among the trees, I heard the tinkle of a guitar; and as I went down the broad steps I made out a figure in white seated on a bench at the corner of the building.

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"What do you suppose your brother has done, Miss Dolores?" I asked as I approached the fair serenader.

She expressed her inability to guess.

"He has offered me the position of—well, vice himself—promoted."

"And you 'll stay for good?"

"I have n't decided."

"Oh, I hope you will—," she started, and then was suddenly silent.

"Would you really like me to stay?" I asked, coming closer.

She nodded.

"But I have one more year at college."

"Is that so much to give up?"

It was now my turn to be silent. I looked down on the bay, which reflected the yellow light of the moon, and for the moment could almost fancy myself back on the Berkeley hills in front of the library looking out through the Gate. A red and a green light appeared together coming around the

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point of land to the south of the harbor.

"If I should stay, would you—you—"

"I would sing all your college songs to you to keep you from being homesick," she laughed. "Oh! I know them," and straightway she swung into the familiar strains:—

"Oh! have you seen the heavens blue—
heavens blue—"

I started and listened eagerly. She sang it through, and ended with a flourish:—

"A Californian through and through; our totem he, the Golden Bear!"

"Miss Dolores," I asked, "what vessel is that below there just coming in?"

"The *Benito*, on its return trip. But you won't go?"

"Yes, Miss Dolores. I 'm sorry to

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leave such kind friends, but I think I shall."

"But—but—" she faltered, "you 'll come back?"

"Perhaps."

"And you really are—"

"I 'm going back to Berkeley," I said.

And I went.

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Shadows

By Ralph E. Gibbs

IT was a bit of meadow in the High Sierra; a scant oval of flower-starred verdure—a gem of sunlit emerald, set in the sad immensity of the forest. Its strip of plashy sod, walled about by the somber firs that cast long shadows across it, was the birthplace of a brook—a cold stream that murmured away down through the whispering solitude of trees till it flung cheerily over the cliffs to swell the torrent in the canyon below.

Far below, beyond the hazy foothills, the plain already lay parched and brown in the summer heat, but here in the meadow was the joy of spring. The retreating snow had only lately uncov-

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ered the sodden earth,—so lately that, a stone-throw yonder, under the close vault of the forest, there still lingered a patch of white, bespattered with brown fir-needles and pollen-cones that had fallen and thawed and frozen again into its surface.

Only thus lately had the snow melted, yet already the boggy open was matted thick with vivid green,—with velvet moss, dotted with a pigmy forest of frail-stalked capsules, and grass and sedge unfurling their powder-shedding panicles of feathery bloom, and all about were sprinkled the mountain buttercups, and the violets, blue and white and yellow. Then, there were a host of potentillas, creamy and golden, and the dwarf mimulus standing tiptoe to lift its small freckled face above the turf, with the rosy clusters of the dodecatheon nodding over them; while here and there the columbine swung its banners of scarlet and gold on some little

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island of grass-tuft, moated about by runnels of water that wandered and joined and parted again, and trickled down through Yosemites a hand's-breadth deep, whose moist walls hung red and russet with the lace of roots. Then, sometimes, the vagrant waters were gathered into a sedge-fringed pool, where some old moldering log, half-sunk in the moss, barred the way, offering a dry eminence where the silent-flitting ouzel perched on a gnarl and prinked its feathers in the soft sunshine, or where the frog climbed up to warm himself, gazing round-eyed about, till, as one approached, he plunged back into the pool with a flourish of legs and a stirred-up cloud of mud.

In tranquil silence, save for the frog's sudden croak that startled the echoes uncannily, or the plaintive quaver of an unseen solitary bird that haunted the tree-tops, the little meadow basked in the light and watched the fluff of cloud

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that drifted across the blue sky beyond the fir-tops. It was not the flat painted blue of the lowland sky, but a deep translucent blue that almost let one see through into the universe beyond,—a dark, fathomless blue, where the sun floated splendid in inconceivable space.

Near the lower end of the meadow, where the scattered waters began to come together into a mountain brook, a trail crossed. Only to a sharp eye was it visible as it wound from the west softly down through the trees—a barely perceptible depression in the muffling brown carpet of fir and pine needles, untrodden as yet since last winter's snow first sifted through the branches. Where it dipped into the enameled green of the meadow the trail vanished; but one seeking to follow it would observe that where, midway of the trackless green, an ancient log stretched its crumbling length across the way, the passing feet of a generation had scuffed out a fur-

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row through the rotten wood. Then, on the farther edge of the meadow, reassured by an old blaze on a lichen-crusted pine—an old scar that would scarce catch the eye of the skittering chipmunk—the trail emerged and undulated away through the hush of the solemn firs till it rose above them to an indiscriminate scramble over the frost-reft granite of the divide.

This was the theater. And when the shadows of the western trees had crept across the meadow and climbed the trees on the east till only their slender tops still caught the level rays, there entered upon the scene an actor. Along the trail from the west walked a man, breathing deeply, as though he had come fast from far down the mountain. He was heading for the pass and the plains of Nevada. Before him he drove a donkey loaded with bags, pan, pick—a prospector's outfit. The pack

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had been hurriedly put on. Things dangled untidily, and the blanket-roll that topped the pack had worked lop-sided and wabbled as the burro stepped.

The man strode hastily and prodded the poor beast with his rifle-butt till with a rattle of pot and frying-pan it broke into a mincing trot. Here and there in the meadow their feet slumped in the lush turf with a slopping noise. Where the débris of the old log was soft under foot and a frog went plop into the water, the man paused. He was quivering with a determination. His face, sweatily glistening, was stamped just now with an unvacillating resolution grotesquely unnatural to it. He looked around, calculating the fitness of the place, as though the act he intended were a drama requiring an exceptional staging. The burro seized the chance for a drink. It gulped in a clucking rhythm. In fitful impatience the man kicked the burro and

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they passed on across and up into the thickening dusk of the trees.

Soon the man returned alone and looked back along the way he had first come. At the very moment a halloo came faintly reverberating through the columned forest, and "Oh, Bill!" seemed to float over the trees and sink through the evening air into the quiet meadow. He paid no heed to the call, but his under lip twitched uncontrollably. He withdrew to where, near the blazed pine, a pair of tamaracks grew, joined at the root, with a cleft above just wide enough to pass a gun-barrel.

The shouting sounded nearer.

"Wauhoo! Bill! Come back here, you damn fool!"

But Bill was rigidly silent behind the twin trees.

Another man and another burro came forth into the diffused glow of sunset. The man stopped, as the other had done, at the old log.

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"Oh, Bill! Come back here, and we 'll divvy up even."

He began in a shout that wavered down to a conversational pitch, as he peered about, perplexed and half-apprehensively, as though Bill might step from behind any tree. He held up a buckskin sack and waved it tentatively. Then his eye caught the line of Bill's tracks, straight on across the meadow. He shaped his hands to his mouth to call again, but stiffened with a tremor, wavered, and sank in a disorderly heap as the report of Bill's rifle seemed to jar the very leaves from the trees, and the echoes came clattering back from the granite peaks. The phlegmatic burro slanted its ears at Bill as he approached, and finally, finding itself unheeded, strolled off down stream, knocking its pack against the trees as it went.

Bill's thoughts were in a haze. He threw out the empty shell, vaguely

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marveling that so little a thing should be so potent. He straightened the body, and regarded it, stretched on the cool grass. Little wisps of green, and a violet, white in the growing dusk, peeped between the idly-spread fingers. It was a narrow face, and pale but for the oozing spot in the forehead.

Bill's wrath was spent. He was still as intrepid as any man would be who had dispassionately weighed his grievances, and merely apportioned dire justice. He even remarked the excellence of his shot—plumb between the eyes. There was not much blood, and Bill, with a few scooped handfuls of water, washed it away. He dashed water on the grass till it seemed innocently green again. It was growing too dark to see well.

And now, what to do? Before, when he was mad, he had thought to simply leave it here for the wolves, or had shunned to think of that at all. He

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was no longer mad — neither sorry. He was simply even with Charley now, and served him right. Not to say there was n't good in Charley. Yes, there was always a good deal to like in Charley; only he wanted to run things too much. No man could stand that forever, and a lot of old scores were paid now. Still there came back to Bill the days when Charley drove the express team at Quartz Hill, and used to let Bill drive when the boss was out of town. Now that it came to the point, he could n't leave old Charley here for the wolves to snarl over.

He had heard people talk about a "Christian burial." The phrase seemed something occult—a sort of—

God! what a fool to stand mooning this way! Down in the valley they must be on their trail by now, tracking like hounds,—closing on him relentlessly as the night. It meant that if he were not well over the pass by to-

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morrow, he had as well join Charley at once.

But he would have time for this first. He tried to lift the body, but its lumpish weight seemed to make mute resistance. He slipped on the wet grass and his load tumbled limply. The head knocked back against the log, and Bill winced. He stooped, and with clumsy fingers closed the wide eyes. They opened again. He forced the lids down once more and held them. Still, despite his pains, they remained half-open, as though covertly watching. At last he grasped the body under the arms, and dragged it along, shuffling backwards.

A few rods above the trail, and as many from the twilighted meadow, between three giant firs, was a little hollow, curtained about by the darkness of the woods. Here, where day brought no sunshine, where, under the close-

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vaulting firs, the wreckage of dead trees lay moldering, and crawling blind things burrowed endlessly in the rottenness, where unwholesome fungi waxed fat and pallid in unending twilight, Bill at last laid down his burden. He brought it thus far for no reason. Without will to choose, he had dragged it blindly on, until in the hollow, stumbling against an old stump that glowered with phosphorescence where he kicked it, he was forced to pause.

Gouging the dank mold with fingers and knife, Bill scooped a trench while Charley lay dumbly waiting beside it. Bill reflected on how cantankerous Charley used to be if kept waiting for anything; and now he must wait for his grave, patiently. Oddly the thought stirred in him a vague pity for old Charley.

Under the trees the deep shadows had dilated and merged into a chill enwrapping darkness. Only it seemed to

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Bill that a lambent radiance spread from the upturned face of the dead man. The face was the one pale blot on the immaculate dark. It was only dimly discernible, but Bill could see it clearly,—with the dark spot on the forehead, and the inscrutable eyes. He could see nothing else, and it harassed him. He would have covered up the face, but that a sort of moral inertia would only allow him to dig, dig. And then he began to think that he saw it when his eyes were shut.

He dug fast through the leafy humus. Then it became hard to dig, and still not half deep enough. Unseen rocks tore his hands. Baffling roots mocked his frantic hacking. His knife struck blindly upon a stone and snapped. Without pause he dug on. He might have built a fire for light, but he never thought of it. Yet he was thinking all the time; that was the torment!

A wind came down from the icy sum-

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mit. It swayed the boughs with a whisper, and then it moaned. Far overhead the tree-tops shivered and bowed in the gust. Below, the forest teemed with small noises — a thousand tiny voices. A twig fell; branches creaked. Bill, half-erect and nerve-tense, strained to listen. Then for a moment he cowered, with a gasp of heart-gripping terror. A whelming burst of sound seemed to rend the very darkness. And suddenly Bill gurgled a laugh, and relapsed in an ecstasy of trembling. It was only the braying of his burro which he had tied near the trail close by.

Still he dug deeper. It was cold. Where he kneeled the chill earth sucked the life from his bones; yet fever throbbed in his head, and his lips stuck together. It was not deep enough, but he must get water and a rest. Soon the moon would rise and make it easier to finish,— and then away for the pass, and safety!

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He stumbled out to the meadow, feeling the way with stretched arms. He lay on the frosty grass and drank, but the freezing water strangled him. In the cold half-light of the stars he crossed the meadow and crouched against a tree's furrowed base, facing back to the east, waiting till the moon should mount above the black wall of the forest. He wished that he had brought his rifle, to back up his overstrung nerves. Now there was nothing to do but to watch, and to bear the ingenious tortures of memory.

No; he would not recall the past. It was safer to think of the future—of to-morrow. Ah! how the sun would shine over there to-morrow! He would have done with this task and would stand on the Sierra crest at dawn to see the glorious sunrise upon the eastern plain. Only to sleep now! to lie snug against the rock and forget! But he could face it out; and to-

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morrow, down on the warm foot-hills, where the air is hot and still, and dreamy with the spice of chaparral and pine, he would stretch him in the shade and rest his heart with looking on the peaceful hills of brown and hazy pink and olive,—and watching far off how the sun dazzles on the lava-slope.

For Bill loved the sun-browned hills; and not the awesome high mountains; though Charley liked the cold gray peaks. But Charley liked many things that Bill did not. Maybe Charley was right. He always outdid Bill at school. Charley knew a great deal—and where was it now?

The stars shone brilliant in a deep sky. Bill had heard it said somewhere that dead men's souls went to the stars —to other worlds. Better worlds, most likely. He wondered whether he himself could find a better star up there. Bill seemed not much use in this world, anyway. Better, perhaps,

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if he could trade places now with Charley. He entertained a vague commiseration for his wretched self.

And Charley was dead! What did it mean, anyway? He recalled stories that he had heard. Was there really a spirit? something besides that senseless thing that lay over there under the trees? something, say, that would stand there smoky-white and dim to accuse him when he went back?

Would the moon never come? Bill was shaking miserably from cold, and more from horror of the indefinable. He was not sure whether this were the first night that he had watched there. He was waiting for something which he dreaded.

The breeze was rising again. The grass was crisp with frost, and soft footfalls were stealing over it. There was an evil something — a malign intelligence, hovering in the night. He strained his eyes at the shadows that

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closed in his dim circle of vision. Around, behind him the black void was sibilant with secret whisperings, the dark was pregnant with intangible shapes that conspired against him, that slipped behind him, and vanished when he turned upon them. Suddenly his breath caught. There beyond the meadow something glimmered white, vague, vanishing when his eyes strove most to see, and reappearing when he turned away. There! it *was* there! With face set, and eyes never turning from it, Bill rose totteringly. He could not feel his legs, but went unswervingly towards it, across the meadow. He felt an exultation of despair. His brain was dead, and still something, not himself, moved his body. It was a mad spirit, akin to the shadows—the fleeting, evading things that flocked around him, jeering in voices of the wind, whirling in fantastic derision about him, only shrinking into the dark be-

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fore the menace of his knife. They all came dancing, writhing, trooping behind him. Now they flew between him and the stars. Through water he stumbled, and he fell in a gully; but he went on, and no longer knew fear. He had an army of shadows at his back. He moved his arms, and led on.

Ah! That white thing was only the little snow-bank. Never mind! He would go on now, in despite of the moon. There was something! It fled from him, and they ran madly among the trees. The treacherous throng at his back pressed on his heels,—pushed and tripped him. He flung upon them, striking at and through them,—raved, and cursed them.

Ah, but they should not make him forget the grave!—nor the dumb thing that must be buried, else it would follow him, with half-shut eyes, forever, seeking to put the brand of its own forehead upon his. He coursed crazily

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through the aisles of darkness, and dashed at the taunting phantasms that glided everywhere. They mocked and tripped him, waiting for a chance to sieze him. He lunged again at the fleering shadows that danced closer in a circle, goggling at him with glow-worm eyes; and their chance came.

Over a loose log he pitched headlong and rolled down into a hollow. Something was there that grappled with him; and a maniacal Hell's legion was upon his back and tearing at his throat. Fighting, he struggled up, threw his knife hand back to strike, and lurched forward.

The meadow was scarcely awakened to the sweetness of a new day when there rode up the trail the Sheriff of Calaveras and his deputy, in pursuit of the men who had held up the Milltown stage. Midway of the meadow the Sheriff dismounted and picked up a

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small bag of gold. Thence they saw where something had been dragged. The flowers struggled to raise their bruised heads, and the grasses beckoned all one way, obliquely up to a point of the woods. The men followed. In the hollow they found two bodies, the upper clenching in stiff fingers a broken knife.

The Sheriff was a man of discernment and few words.

"Umph! More use to us than them," he said, hefting the gold.

He looked at the deputy, and the deputy nodded at the Sheriff.

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The Second Edition

By Agnes Crary

I HAD been in town all the morning, shopping, making the last preparations for the prune-harvest. Shopping meant new trays for the dryer and a contract for Chinese fruit-pickers; but, you see, I still clung to the old feminine word. I had just started for home, when I remembered it was the third Tuesday of the month, and I had solemnly promised to go to the next meeting of the Tuesday Club. The last time I had been there was in the height of the ribbon period, and there were more bows to the square foot of that parlor than I put trees to the acre.

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Now the rooms were all white and gold, and drapes floated triumphantly over the scene.

The girls were all there,—the old girls, I mean,—and they talked of Emily Dickinson in the way we used to go on over Browning. You see, I had belonged years ago, when the Browning wave first struck California. They had been up to the times so long, it was getting hard to find fresh subjects, and so they fell on Miss Dickinson with all the joy of a new sensation.

I had to own I did not know who she was, and I felt they were thinking, "Poor Louise! What a case of arrested development! She's nothing but a farmer!"

As I tried to follow the discussion, I found I was no longer in touch with the group of dainty women. I could not help thinking they had a few more views, and a more patient, waiting look than when I used to know them. It

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was horrid of me, but the old nursery rhyme,—

"Little Sally Waters, sitting in the sun,
Waiting and sighing for a young man,"

kept running in my head. I always thought Sally must have lived near us. They were so bright, though, and wore such dainty gowns, and talked with such authority upon the latest opinions of the Nicene Creed, that I felt more and more of a Philistine, and was glad when it was over and I was in the fresh air again.

The drive out to the orchards is always a delight, and in the summer evenings I would not have one of the eight miles taken away. Bacchus and I go over it so often that I don't have to drive, but can just lean back and rest. It 's my time for thinking and airing what few day-dreams my busy life has room for. But that night I could not slip into the mood, when the broad

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stretches of field, the vinelands, and, back of all, the foothills, spoke to me, and the sunset glowed like "the light that never was on land or sea."

The club had amused me, and yet it brought up all I had hoped to do when I had first belonged, the travels and studies long ago crowded out in the unforeseen struggle to keep a roof over Aunt Katherine's head and give Ben the education he so much coveted. I had succeeded; but in spite of success the old hopes had died hard, though I seldom indulged in the luxury of airing them. It is too hard on the eyes. I soon turned to business and prunes again, in the shape of a letter from my New York agent. There was one also from Ben, and, best of all, one from Cora,—she used to belong to the Tuesday Club, too, but while she was in Chicago she had met and married Doctor Vail. I ran through the description of her last new suit, and the new carved

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screen in the church, looking for the bit of fun or tenderness I had learned to depend on.

What I found very effectually turned the channel of my thoughts:—

"The Doctor says he wants my old letters to you that I wrote when I had broken our engagement. He says he knows I was perfectly wretched, but don't you send them—he'd be just too conceited. I've half a mind, though, to read him those you wrote when in New York. We're both so fond of you, dear, I know you would n't care. Baby Louise has learned—"

I dropped that letter with scant ceremony. Cora had been the soul of honor before she married, and so had the Doctor, but here they were funding their varied confidences for mutual benefit in the reprehensible way I had suspected most married people of doing. I had written those letters when I was some ten years younger, and they were not such as the members of

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the Tuesday Club wrote. I had long ago disposed of most of Cora's and mine—well, I had asked her, commanded her, to burn them, and now she and the Doctor were reading them, or at least thinking of reading them, and in my vexation I gave a jerk at the reins which so disturbed 'Bacchus's meditations that he stopped short in amazement. I planned a good many replies, and even began one stinging little note with "Dear Madam"; but when I thought of Cora's surprise and pain, I had not the heart to send it.

The next few weeks were so full of work I had no time to think of anything else, but flew about directing, testing the dips, watching with the satisfaction only a farmer knows the low orchard-wagons with their load after load of purple prunes. Then the long trays of drying fruit, glossy black from its dip, lying out on the sloping hillside, represented the completion of long

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care and forethought. By the time I saw the last carload shipped all rancor was buried deep under ninety tons of prunes, and I was too proud of my year's work, too happy and tired, to write any but a gentle note, even to such a perfidious person as the friend of one's girlhood who marries.

I wrote, and in a casual way said:—

"By the way, about those letters,—I know, of course, you were fooling, for you are too honorable to show them; but I want them back. You are too romantic for the mother of three children, but they would fit in so perfectly with this old vine-covered farmhouse, and a woman who's getting as moss-grown as her house. Just think how the eternal fitness of things would be preserved! Tie them with blue ribbon and put in a few rose-leaves, and I'll provide a hidden drawer in some desk, or may have a panel closet fixed in the library. Then imagine what a stock-in-trade they would be to little Louise when she becomes the famous

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novelist; for, if I remember, they had a good kind of real joy and sorrow in them."

I should be ashamed to tell you how anxiously I waited for the answer.

"Fidus Achates," as Ben named the young Hoosier I had imported to be general factotum, thought I was losing my head when I insisted on having the mail daily. But I did so want to look into the old life a little. At last they came—a good bundle of them. Cora had taken me at my word, and tied them in yards of baby ribbon. Achates touched the bundle gingerly, and I was thankful Aunt Katherine was n't around when it arrived.

That night I slipped into a real dinner-dress and pinned a rose into my hair, and tried to feel some kinship to the girl who had written the notes. I was so gay Aunt Katherine became festive, too, and it was late before I had the library to myself. The curtains

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were drawn close, and as I looked about the room filled with survivals of the wreck, as Ben called the few remains of household gods, I felt quite like the Louise Hunter of old. But I undid the mocking blue ribbons with trembling fingers. Inside was a note from Cora:—

"DEAR: I really did want to read a little from those letters to Jack; for I wanted him to see deeper into your life than you now let us. But when I came to look them o'er, I felt that you would rather, perhaps, even I should not see them now. I read a little, and cried, and took up Baby Louise to comfort me. You never seemed nearer than to-night. I wish I could send Cora with them, for she would climb up into your lap and comfort you."

I turned to the first. It was dated "New York, Jan. 1, 1881." How well I remembered writing it! We had just come home from a New Year's Eve dance, and after all the rest were asleep

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I sat before the fire and in the flickering light scribbled off the rollicking little note to Cora. I could see the whole picture,—my old room with its pretty litter of girlish belongings, the warm dressing-gown mother had laid out, and the bunch of blush roses father had insisted on pinning on to my gown with his own dear old hands. It was some time before I read any further. I felt the difference too keenly. But as I went on I found a sense of strangeness, almost alienation, coming over me. I saw a friendship deepening until all life seemed rooted in one life. But when I came to the letters of the quarrel, and read the passionate oratory of that young soul who felt all slipping with the severance from one dearer than life, I had only a sense of profound pity. I wanted to take the girl in my arms, and tell her how life meant more than she could then grasp, and give to her of the mingled bitter-sweet

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that had come to me with years of daily toil. Through the night I read, and before me stood my old self, and across the bridge of years I spoke to her of possible conquest and peace. It was early dawn before I stole off to sleep; but the tears that fell like rain were not for the girl and her lover, but for the old room with Ben's toys on the floor, and mother's care and father's roses.

For some days the loneliness was almost more than I could bear. Poor old Aunt Katherine with her constant comparisons but accentuated it. If only Ben were here! But he was busy and happy, and I could not let him know how I missed him, and almost hated to see him grow beyond need of my constant care.

I plunged deeper than ever into a series of experiments I had been making with insect pests that infested our valley, and had long talks with Achates on the comparative value of

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silver and French prunes, under the new method of grafting. Through the winter I worked on my "pestiferous papers," as Aunt Kate insisted on calling them, and the next spring they were accepted by the publishers, Wells & Company.

I was very proud of the little pamphlet. It looked so scientific in its plain green cloth. I dedicated it to the Tuesday Club, who tried to be mildly interested. Cora and the Doctor were delighted, and Baby Louise should learn her letters out of it, Cora said.

Through the summer Wells & Company found my work a good investment "and hoped to undertake a similar work in the future. Sincerely," etc., etc. My success gave me a feeling of power, and I began to think of a plan I had cherished ever since I first read the letters.

I would answer them from my present point of view, rearrange the few

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telltale facts, and publish all in the form of a story. The more I thought of it the more it grew on me. Now, when Bacchus and I went to town, we jogged along slower than ever, and I wrote long, loving letters, full of counsel and cheer for the Louise Hunter of the past. I told her all about my early life, and drew little pen-pictures of the Orchards and its neighbors. For, you see, I wanted to rouse the girl. At last I really believe she did feel better. Only, the telling was not all on one side, for sometimes I would have to do an immense amount of reasoning, or go dig in the rose-garden, to prove to myself that the old Louise was not right, after all.

It was a good country book, and breathed of a whole, full country year. I had much trouble over christening it. I wrote at last to Ben about it, but so lightly that he never imagined I was in earnest, and suggested "A Brace of

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Geese" as a good significant title. I was more cast down than ever, but after long meditation at last settled down on "A Sheaf of Letters."

I had the most delightful time after it was accepted. Every time I got a leter from Wells & Company, I used to go to the Tuesday Club. They had boxed the compass in regard to subjects, and were on Chaldee architects then. I sat up in front and spoke as one having authority. The girls were surprised; but I used to smile when I thought what awaited them, and wondered if they would "interpret" my story.

It came out just at Christmas-time, and had quite a run, it was so beautifully gotten up. The Tuesday Club gave a five-o'clock tea, and wanted me to tell how far I had used the synthetic imagination, and if it had a spiritual purport. One of them said it was an allegory between youth and old age, which rather nettled me; but, after all,

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their appreciation was sweet, for I felt one or two of them really began to love me. I had a beautiful letter from Ben; he was so proud of me! He had come near having serious trouble with an English professor, who said the story did n't have a satisfactory *denouement*. I blessed Ben for his zeal, but I did n't tell him that some way in my secret heart I agreed with the English professor. But, on the whole, Louise Hunter the elder kept the upper hand very well.

I could hardly wait for June to come. I was going East to see Ben graduate. I was also going to pay off the few debts that remained after the old home had been sold. Even Aunt Katherine's discovery of a few gray hairs could not dampen my spirits; for I felt positively giddy, and raced about the ranch like a child of ten. One day Achates brought me a whole handful of mail, with "Here 's your crop o' letters." You see,

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he had heard of my book, too. Among them was one from Wells & Company, and one whose foreign stamp and old-time but never-to-be-forgotten hand sent the blood flushing into my face.

I opened it last, and after I read it sat for some time looking with eyes that saw not on the green lawn and rose hedge, and there came to me then a sense of peace and fulfillment that still glows in my heart.

But when Aunt Katherine came up with the question, "What ails you, child?" I kissed her, and showing her the letter from my publisher, said, "Auntie, my story has just reached its second edition."

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